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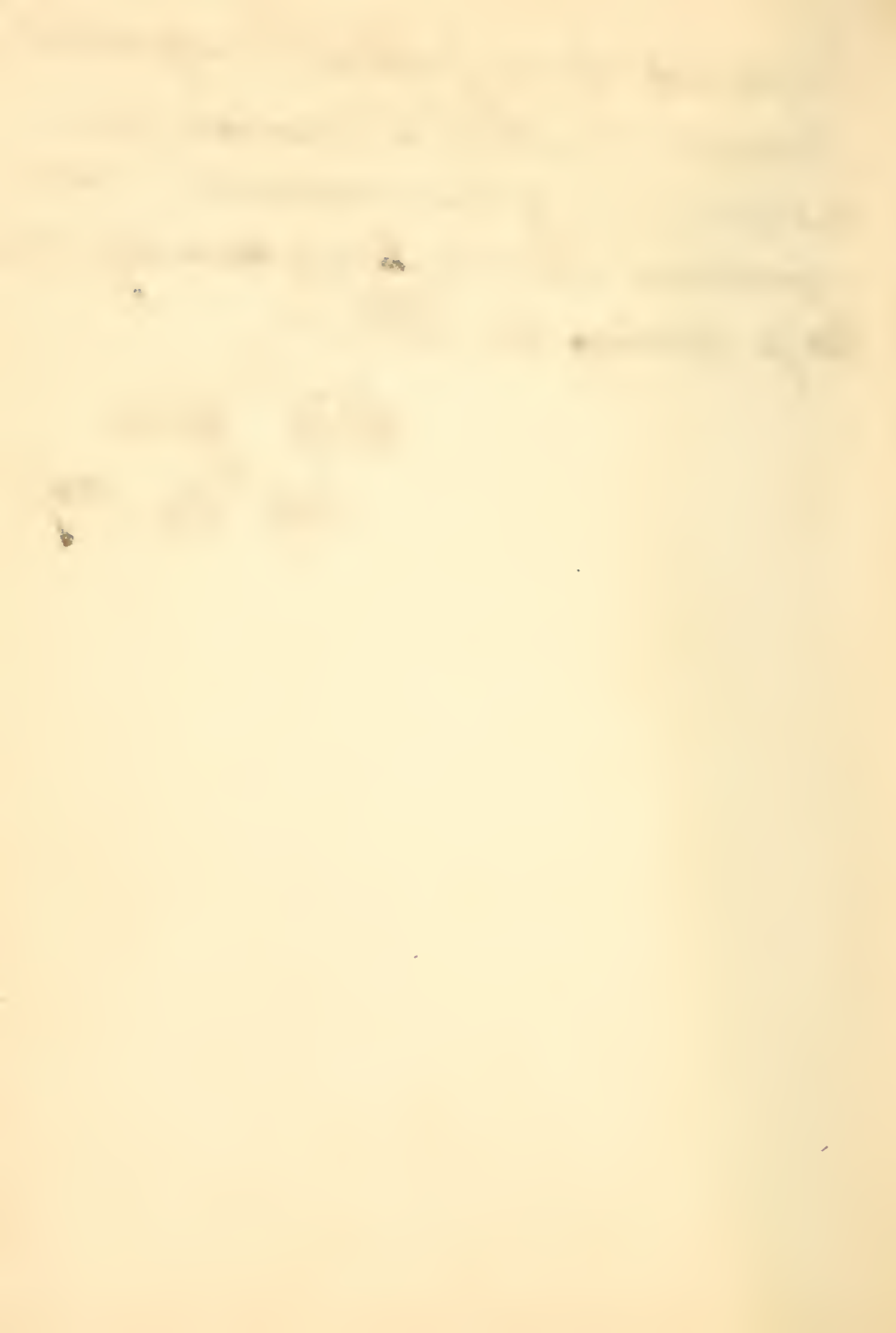


THE LIBRARY
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THE UNIVERSITY
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LOS ANGELES

Presented to my faithful & confidential
Servant Elizabeth Starnes as a
testimonial of her unremitting and
assiduous attention to my dear departed
Wife during her Illness.

Rich^d Hall

Aug²¹ 1837



POEMS.

POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

LONDON:
WILLIAM NICOL, SHAKSPEARE PRESS.

1844.



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PREFACE.

IN printing these commemorative verses on past scenes and feelings, little need be said, by way of preface, to the dear and valued friends, in whose auspicious circles they will only appear, but that I scarcely claim for them the merit of being styled poetry. Knowing well their deficiencies, and believing the gratification they have afforded to myself, in framing them for my own amusement or solace, has been greater, than the pleasure they can give to others in perusing, — yet, such as they are, the offering is made with much diffidence, but with the latent hope that it may awaken remembrance of me in the minds of many I esteem, when perhaps we can meet no more on earth.

They have been produced in compliance with the wishes of an affectionate brother, who feels desirous they should be preserved in some better form than detached sheets of paper.

The first portion of these simple lines were composed many years past as the dates and occurrences shew ; some in days of childhood. They are arranged nearly in the succession in which they were written ; the latter are mostly consecrated to my dear departed son, and are now printed, that the beloved memory of his excellent qualities may be revived in the minds of those I love, — of those who love me. Between the incitement of this motive, so consonant to maternal feelings, and the sense of the deep shade into which real grief loves to retire, I have contended ; and if I now draw forth some lays of sorrow from the sanctity of my private folio,

It is, — that his beloved name

More cherished and more prized should be —

For what have I to do with fame.

Or, what has fame to do with me ?

Go FORTH, my little Book, depart,
Might I a welcome hope for thee,
I'd speed thee with a blither heart,
Than late I've felt to gladden me.

All unadorned by classic lore,
Dost thou not fear thy way to make ?
When scanning thy credentials o'er
(ACCEPT ME FOR THE DONOR'S SAKE)

Is all the plea thou can'st present
To shield thee from contempt and shame.
Well, I'll thy boding fears prevent,
By adding my devoted name.

DEDICATION

TO MY BROTHER A. W.

1844.

ONE who was wont in happier day,
As fancy led her thoughts to sing,
And frame in light poetic lay,
The warblings of her wild harp's string !

And many an hour soft glided by,
And many a care it hush'd to rest,
As the sweet power of melody
Allays the tumults of the breast !

But sorrow came, too sad, and deep,
For aught to charm its pangs of woe ;
She sought in solitude to weep,
And mourned her fondest hopes laid low.

That harp beloved could please no more,
In silence and neglect it lay ;
Her dream of happiness was o'er
And sorrow closed each passing day.

* * * * *

Now pensively I tune my lyre,
And faintly woo my long lost muse ;
Recall'd to song at thy desire,
What boon of thine, can I refuse ?

For thou dost seek, to wake again,
What solaced oft my bosom's care,—
And thou wouldst blunt the edge of pain,
And point anew to visions fair !

So, while I dedicate in love
This simple tribute to thy worth,
Fain would I lead to realms above
Far, far above this tearful earth !

CONTENTS.

Address to my Friends	page 1
Thoughts on Spring	2
The May Queen	3
A Charade	4
Fancy's Flowery Lays	5
Answer to the Song of " O Nanny "	6
On leaving Matlock Bath	8
To a Lady's Favourite Dog	9
Lines to Pity	10
Address to the Deity	12
La Pastorale	14
To the Author of Gustavus Vasa	15
Address to Claremont	16
On the Death of the Princess Charlotte	17
On the Same	22
Composed during the Toothache	23
On the Death of a Friend	24
Morning Walk near Hastings	25
On the Ruins of Pevensey Castle	27

" I once said to my heart "	28
The Jealous Lover	29
To the Seducer	30
Ou the Death of Queen Charlotte . . . , . . .	31
On the Louvre	33
" Pilate said, ' What is Truth ? ' "	34
Storm Scene, Isle of Wight	35
The Summer's Day	37
The Fowler	39
A Charade	41
Evening Walk to the Sand rock Spring, Isle of Wight .	42
On seeing my Son amuse himself blowing bubbles .	45
The Roses	46
To my Sister	48
The Hermit	49
Recollections of a Departed Friend	52
On the Birth-day of F. R. H.	53
The Boat	55
To my Lamp	56
On the Interment of our late Most Gracious Sovereign (1820)	58
Lamentations of the Duchess de Berri	60
A Mother's Counsel	63
Tempus fugit	66
Lines to Clare	68
Lines to * * *	69

On the beautiful view from the mansion of T. Bruges, Esq.	
Seend, Wilts	70
On the death of a Young Lady	71
Rubens and the Alchymist	73
On a Visit at Cambridge	76
Young Love	79
On the day of the Interment of my revered Father	80
Earth's richest Gem	81
On seeing the beautiful monument of the Two Sisters by	
F. Chantrey, R.A.	82
An attempted Sonnet to Memory	83
The Wedding Garment	85
Regrets of a Young Lady	90
To a Snowdrop	91
The Willow	92
Thoughts on Death	93
Beauty, Faith, and Duty	95
Stanza	95
How changeful all Things be	96
On the Nativity of our Blessed Saviour	97
Willows in Essex, Aug. 31, 1833	101
Lines written in 1834	103
To my young Friend D. W. on her approaching Nuptials	104
Translated from the French	105
On the "Forget-me-not" planted on the Tomb of	
Buonaparte	106

On the Interment of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.	107
A Portrait — addressed to my Sister	108
To my Brother's Ivory Flute	109
To my Brother on receiving a Birth-day present of a Watch	110
On returning from St. Edmund's Bury, Suffolk	118
Taking the Veil	115
" A Rose had escaped ! "	117
Cornelia	119
Alonzo and Almena, a fragment	120
To a Wild Daisy	122
Pleasure and Pain	124
An Hour's Reflection before Sleep	125
Lines to my Brother on his Birth-day	128
Anticipation	131
On Burying a Favorite Canary Bird	133
To a Milestone on the road near Home	134
Lines composed on my Birth-day	135
Hymn composed during Illness	136
On Sentimental Feeling	138
Retrospection	139
Lines written in Sickness, 1837	140
" Teach me, O Lord ! "	142
On Her Majesty's Accession	144

Written at Brussels after my severe and melancholy be-	
reavement	147
To L— B— December, 1838	152
Adapted from some Lines by a Young Friend on the loss	
of Her Mother	153
Corroding Grief	155
“ Alone in Secret ”	156
Reflection	159
Lines written March 8, 1840	161
On the Death of my beloved Mother	165
On the same	166
To my Sister	167
Solitude	169
Stanzas, written 1841	170
“ I have struck the Harp ”	172
To the Heartsease	173
Lines to Mrs. D—	174
Shadows of Eve	176
Hope	177
On a Souvenir made from Shakspeare’s Mulberry-tree . .	178
The Search !	180
Lines with a Present of an Inkstand	183

A Narrative	185
Life and Hope	190
The Morning Ray	191
To the Spirit of my dear departed Son	193
Lines to my Brother Henry	196
The Privilege of Prayer	197

TO THOSE DEAR AND VALUED FRIENDS

WHO REQUESTED ME TO PRINT MY MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

I'VE talk'd of Friendship, "but to prove"
It is not quite an empty shade, —
I've train'd my thoughts, that widely rove
As wandering through the mystic grove,
And thus "a votive off'ring made."

It may not court the critic's eye,
'Tis all too weak to meet its power ;
So timidly it looks on high,
So droops beneath a low'ring sky,
And lives but in the sunny hour.

Then oh ! receive it with a smile,
But not a laugh, I pray ;
Should it one languid hour beguile,
And draw your thoughts to me awhile,
Nor time, nor hope, is cast away.

And now, farewell, the muse's flame,
 Adieu to ye, — my task is o'er,
 If shipwreck'd on the rock of fame,
 'Tis thou, "sweet friendship," thou'rt to blame,
 But I'll transgress no more.

THOUGHTS ON SPRING.

Now Winter's chilly blasts are gone,
 And smiling Spring's fair morn comes on ;
 O may our frigid hearts aspire
 To sing the strains of David's lyre !
 Our griefs shall melt before the ray,
 That gilds the cheerful hours of day,
 If we are found in virtue's ways
 If we resound our Maker's praise !
 For true religion doth impart
 All blessings to the human heart !
 Gives to our cares a healing balm,
 Sheds o'er our minds a pleasing calm.
 May ev'ry soul then feel delight,
 And bless the day it waked to light.

THE MAY QUEEN.

THE finest season of the year
Is when gay Flora doth appear,
 And spreads her sweets around ;
'Twas in the merry month of May,
And on a village holiday,
 When rural queens were crown'd :

The nymphs assembled then to pay
Each her respects to Flora gay,
 All dancing in a ring ;
Their tunefull voices too they rais'd,
For it was Flora that they prais'd,
 And mirthfully did sing.

The fairest nymph that join'd the throng,
The graces to her did belong,
 It was the young Rosalia ;
The goddess Flora swift came down,
And on her head she placed the crown,
 And all her nymphs did hail her.

And from that happy hour was seen
 The fair Rosalia for the queen,
 And cheerful was the plain :
 On that same day of every year
 The goddess Flora did appear
 To bless their sight again.

A CHARADE.

MY first, though very small, will often be,
 When illness comes, a welcome remedy ;
 (I tell you more) my form is always round
 And dress'd in white I'm mostly to be found ;
 My second is not high, nor great, nor proud ;
 A cow could tell you what it is, quite loud,
 My whole most persons please, who're fond of rest,
 But heads of families become it best.

FANCY'S FLOWERY LAYS.

YE flowery lays, that fill the youthful mind,
Oh ! could I ever pass my hours away,
From worldly cares remote, to you resign'd,
And twine the Muse's wreath through summer's day
Light hearted, I would wander free and gay,
Till noon had shed her sultry heat around ;
Then to refreshing shades my steps should stray,
Whose velvet paths the sun had not embrown'd :
There, tranquil, listen to the soothing sound
Of wand'ring springs that murmur through the grove,
And if my thoughts inclined to Song, I found
I could not load my verse with cares of Love,
For Love's a tyrant, and I hate his power, —
My heart's as free as springs the woodland flower.

ANSWER

TO THE FAVOURITE SONG OF "O NANNY."

O HENRY, should I gang with thee,
Contented leave the sprightly town ;
Say, would thine eyes be pleased with me,
When simply clad in russet gown ?
Wouldst thou delight to praise my dress,
Although no jewels glitter'd there,
And still with tend'rest love express
Thy Nanny, fairest of the fair.

O Henry, when we're far away,
Wouldst thou not sigh for joys behind,
Wouldst thou enjoy each rustic day,
And no new pleasure seek to find ?
Say would that manly heart, still caught
In love's soft chain, be happy there ;
Nor then regret that thou hast thought
Thy Nanny, fairest of the fair.

O Henry, canst thou so love me,
That perils keen should not destroy
That trust that I have placed in thee,
Nor take from life its highest joy ;
And should disease's fev'rish power
Soon fade the charms that now I wear,
Wouldst thou not blame the luckless hour
Thou call'dst me, fairest of the fair.

And when on death's cold icy bed
My trembling spirit takes its flight ;
Wilt thou affection's tears then shed,
And calm my fears with sad delight ;
And wilt thou, o'er my breathless clay,
Own I had loved with truth so rare,
That thou didst ever bless the day
Thou call'dst me, fairest of the fair.

ON LEAVING MATLOCK BATH.

MATLOCK, whose tall aspiring cliffs arise,
So proud and stately to my wondering eyes,
Whose rural walks can varying tastes invite,
Where health, amusement, innocence unite ;
Regretting shall I quit thy beauties — no —
Though pleasure dwells with thee, I yet will go,
Although thy magic scenes afford delight,
And Derwent's crystal stream, all sparkling bright,
Invites my stay, I will no longer roam,
But with an eager pleasure seek my home.

That home, endear'd by ev'ry social tie,
That mortal can desire, or earth supply,
Now claims my thoughts, but when I shall not see
Thy charms, sweet Matlock, I shall think on thee.

TO A LADY'S FAVORITE DOG,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HER DISCARDED LOVER.

LONG be it thine, O happy Pug!
 To raise that smile and feel that lug;
 How envied is thy station.
 Many I ween of higher breed,
 Would count themselves most blest indeed,
 With what thou deem'st vexation.

Thinsk'st thou, that I should snarl like thee,
 Did pretty Chloe smile on me,
 And say she loved so dearly,—
 O fie, beware, thy Lady's grace
 Once lost, not all thy faithful race,
 Could win it back sincerely.

Unless indeed her cautious mind's
 Less strict with thee, than human kind,
 How hapless thy condition;
 But if, dear Pug, she'd pardon thee
 Then I demand, that thou for me
 Should'st carry a petition.

LINES TO PITY.

PITY! — gentlest maid, below,
 Sweet soother of and balm of woe,
 Why didst thou leave the skies?
 Why, from the starry vault of light,
 Descend to deepest shades of night,
 With grief to sympathize?

I've seen thee, with a placid air,
 Bend o'er the couch of dark despair,
 And check disease's power!
 I've seen thee from the orphan's eye
 Disperse the tear and hush the sigh,
 Drawn forth in misery's hour.

'Tis thine by kindest arts to trace
 Each cause of woe in human race,
 And shed thy influence mild;
 How sweet thy emanations rest,
 When joy has fled the care-worn breast,
 By dazzling hope beguil'd.

Thus thou in works of love on earth
 Still liv'st, though known of Heav'nly birth,
 Like the Great Lord of all ;
 On earth a toilsome life he led,
 For griefs he wept, for sin he bled,
 Nor turn'd from pity's call.

Below we feel thy kindling flame,
 Above, sweet mercy is thy name,
 To gentle peace allied ;
 Its herald now, thou dost display
 How God, through thee, has chose the way
 His grace shall be applied.

So thou, by acts of tend'rest love,
 Shalt raise our thoughts to realms above,
 Where thou dost brightly shine ;
 For though on earth thy power we see,
 In Heaven thy endless reign shall be
 An attribute divine.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

O THOU, that art the author of all good,
 Instruct me ever, and good thoughts inspire
 Of Thee, "Supreme in heavenly mansions blest,
 High above praise, and great beyond all thought.
 I seek to know, O aid my feeble skill,
 And raise my mind above this little scene,
 To centre on perfection, and from thence to draw
 Source inexhaustible, my chief delight :
 Teach me how best I may thy will perform,
 And ever in subjection keep mine own ;
 Which I from duty's laws am bound to do ; —
 But I from duty, would not serve alone, —
 But out of love, mix'd with sweet hope, my
 Adorations pure, would offer at Thy throne :
 But adoration pure, from earthborn lips
 And mortal frames, cannot be paid —
 Angels not fully can record Thy praise.
 Think, O my soul, how weak is thy attempt ;

But with the rising dawn, O let me raise
 My thoughts to Thee, from whom the light doth spring ;
 Not only that which chases night away,
 But light ethereal to illumine the mind ;
 Grant me that light, my darkness to subdue,
 That I may view Thee with a Christian's eye,
 The friend of sinners, not the judge severe —
 The friend of sinners, through that mighty plan,
 That mark'd 'Thee just, yet with Thy justice mix'd
 Mercy, so benignant, that the heavenly choirs,
 Though witnesses of the great power of 'Thy
 Creating hand, beheld this, Thy new work
 With wonder more profound, and curious, wish'd
 To search the mighty depth, of love divine,
 Unsearchable, unspeakable, unchangeable."

Be it my earliest study to secure
 Thy smile approving, and Thy guardian care ;
 Life has no thorns when Thou art found a friend,
 Death has no sting, it opes the door to Thee.

LA PASTORALE.

'Tis sweet on the uplands to view the dear scene,
Where my true love is gone, though there's distance be-
tween ;

'Tis sweet through the wild wood to sing the soft lays,
That reveal'd his fond love, when he chaunted my praise ;
But sweeter by far, when my love shall appear,
To hail his return with a smile and a tear.

Ye maidens so gay, those white flocks on the plain
Shall soon know their shepherd and kindness again,
They have wander'd about, they have mourn'd in my ear,
Ah ! where is our master that loved us so dear ;
Cease pretty complainers, our troubles are o'er,
My Damon is coming, to leave us no more.

TO THE AUTHOR OF GUSTAVUS VASA,

ON READING THAT BEAUTIFUL POEM.

SWEET Author, blest with all the Muse's fire
 Thy verse to charm, and virtue to inspire,
 In youth, how lovely 'tis to trace the light
 Of fair religion and heroic might !
 With these secure, Gustavus justly braved
 The proud Usurper, and his country saved,
 And when to kingly honors he is rais'd
 With holy zeal his guardian God he prais'd
 And purest fires upon his altars blazed !
 Nor in Gustavus only would I mark
 The kindling ray of the Celestial spark,
 For in thy hero's life conspicuous shine
 The value set by thee on things divine !
 Proceed, O youthful bard, thy happy strain
 Perchance, some careless wand'rer may regain,
 For none I trust shall plead fair virtue's cause in vain.

ADDRESS TO CLAREMONT.

WRITTEN IN THE MONTH OF TEARS, NOVEMBER, 1817.

O CLAREMONT, once indeed the seat of bliss,
Of innocence and peace, with pure religion
Charity and love ; what art thou now ?
In one sad month, how changed how desolate,
The seat of woe, of woe unutterable ! for who
Can speak the sacred grief of him, who rues
Thy loss, nor thine alone, nor his, a nation
Claims to weep, and call it hers (sad tribute)
Of her love, that hoped ere this

but Oh! that hope

Must not be told ; such contrast
Scarce with resignation finds a place—
Yet Claremont, sweet retreat of Her we mourn,
Let not thy beauties fade, still wear thy charms
For him, whose blighted love, and pensive hours
Needs all thy powers to soothe ! O may'st thou
Yield a softly pleasing calm !

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF HER LATE

ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

AT first grief sat so heavy at my heart,
 Dumb was my lyre, and dead each tuneful part,
 But roused to hear the world her Praises sing,
 I rise from silent tears, and sound the ardent string !

Come mournful Muse, some feeble tribute shew ;
 With trembling fingers strike thy minstrel lyre !
 To deepest, saddest sounds of melting woe,
 First raise a sacred grief, then hope inspire !
 In plaintive strain, awake our pain,
 Tell how she died, in beauty's pride,
 Why caused a wound so deep, and spread a gloom so
 wide !

Alas that day ! with golden beams deceived,
 That night unconscious too, had closed our eyes,
 Fond fancy then in happy dreams believed ;
 But morning came, and anxious fears arise !
 Too soon the bell, proclaim'd her knell,
 Too sure the dart, had pierced her heart,
 Too well relentless death perform'd his fatal part.

Scarce can the Muse in broken numbers spread
 A tale so sad, so sudden and severe ;
 Fainting to speak of Royal Charlotte, dead,
 Nor paints a husband's loss — a prize so dear !
 His load of grief, past all relief,
 Shuns to declare, for silence there
 Suits best with his keen woe, dejection, and despair.

With drooping head and falt'ring steps attend,
 Fair Charity, of high celestial birth ;
 For thou hast early lost thy dearest friend,
 The sweet dispenser of thy gifts on earth.
 She was the grace, of royal race,
 But though so high, could hear the sigh
 That fled the breast of care, and bounteous aid supply.

Come ev'ry virtue to the mourning band,
 Piety, Compassion, Honour, wait ;
 Patience, with Truth and Meekness joining hand,
 Come, grace this solemn end of mortal state !
 Say to her bier, can hope draw near,
 With smile serene, and placid mien ;
 Ah ! no, in her we mourn, Hope's sweetest child was seen.

Come Fortitude, we need thy steady aid,
 And thou wast with her in the last sad scene,
 With thy support, she suffer'd undismay'd,
 Closing her life, submissive and serene.
 But with the dead, thy aid is fled,
 Death check'd thy pow'r, in Claremont bow'r,
 And fortitude may weep, for England's blighted flower.

But chiefly thou, O Faith sublime, did'st live
 In her pure mind, devotion's truest source ;
 Come to our hearts, thy holy fervour give,
 And teach us 'midst our mourning to rejoice ?
 Raise thou our eyes, above the skies,
 Where she doth rest, for ever blest,
 Commended by her God, whose name she had confess'd.

Say, in those realms does thy freed spirit know,
 Fair Saint, raised high above our ardent zeal,
 If thou art conscious of our grief below,
 Thou yet art mindful of thy country's weal ?
 Raised to highest courts above,
 Still thou wilt thy England love,
 Still her guardian angel there,
 Will oft present for her a prayer,
 Nor will kind Heaven refuse, to crown thy pious care.

This cheering hope, from her sad doom, we'll prize ;
 Mortals but dimly view God's councils here ;
 But when in happier day our anthems rise
 To His high throne, when check'd the flowing tear,
 Her holy song shall join the throng,
 From evil day, if aid we pray,
 O hear them gracious Lord, her angel voice will say.

Daughters of Britain, while ye mourn the dead,
 The loved lost hope of royal Brunswick's line,
 Reflect upon her life, that lustre shed,
 Her bright example rears a lasting shrine ;
 For endless fame awaits her name,
 And Britain's tear, from year to year,
 Shall prove a nation loved, immortalized her here.

Now shall the muse her parting lesson give :

Say what is youth ? a blast may snap the flower ;

And what is life ? in midst of death we live ;

And what is beauty ? blooming for an hour ;

What high estate ? All bow to fate ;

The sacred page, to ev'ry age,

Bids us, prepared for death, disarm his fated final rage.

And those who feel its sacred truths shall see

Death's stern approach, and yet triumphant sing,

Is this, O Grave, thy boasted victory,

And this, O Death, thy dreaded, cruel sting ?

Death's sting shall die, the soul on high,

In blest abode, with saints record,

God made the victory theirs, through Jesus Christ our
Lord.

THE SAME.

WRITTEN IN 1817.

Is there a heart that hath not breathed a sigh,
 Or eye so stern that can refuse a tear ;
 O England for thy loss, bid them draw nigh,
 To take one look at her untimely bier.

Does it not chill the heart, there to behold
 Her country's hope, lie cold, with closed eyes,
 We look'd that brighter scenes would soon unfold,
 When she, in this fair land, a mother* should arise.

But all is past, — the pleasing dream is fled, —
 And fled the joy to virtuous bosoms dear ;
 For virtue, youth and beauty now lie dead,
 Then haste to shed the sympathetic tear.
 Ye know her worth, “ this balm to grief is given,”
 Though lost to England's hopes, she joins the blest in
 Heaven.

* Alluding to the prospect of her being our Queen, as well as the parent of a child.

COMPOSED DURING THE TOOTHACHE,

WHEN THE PAIN WAS A LITTLE ABATED.

OH ease, thou fairy queen, thou goddess bright,
Composer of worn spirits toss'd by pain,
More welcome far to me than morning light,
Renewing by her beams the world again.

For what avails the lovely break of morn,
Or scenes of roseate health and pastures gay,
If pain shall pierce as with her iron thorn,
Tearing the tender threads of life away ?

Like as the sun reanimates and cheers,
Like as soft pity succours the distress'd,
Do thou return to hush my throbbing fears,
Implant once more thy calmness in my breast.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

ANOTHER friend is gone.—Awake, my Soul,
 Cast off the weight of worldly cares and muse,
 On death and future happiness or woe
 Whence is this change, so dreaded as to cast
 A melancholic shade on all around ?
 For when the potent tyrant's worst is done
 And all is o'er, does not the immortal soul,
 The victor then, smile at his puny darts,
 And broken power, and soar, triumphant soar,
 Above his dark domain ?
 The victory's thine, Oh Son of God most High !
 To thee we yield the palm, the praise is thine,
 That we should conquer him who laid us low —
 Then rise my Soul on faith's aspiring wing,
 To the celestial mansions, where the blest
 For ever chaunt his praise, who rules supreme,
 Where every care, is given to the wind,
 Where the Cherubic Host and Angels join
 To greet with purest love the recent dead !

MORNING WALK,

TO HOLLINGTON CHURCH IN THE WOOD, SITUATED ABOUT THREE
MILES FROM HASTINGS.

ERE the sun had tinged the corn,
Ere the mower's toil was o'er,
Wand'ring on a summer's morn
Nature's beauties to explore.

Where the ocean's fresh'ning breeze,
As I climb'd the grassy steep,
Briskly passing thro' the trees
Bow'd their heads in graceful sweep.

Cottages enrich'd the scene,
Wains by oxen drawn along,
Flocks were scatter'd on the green,
Shepherds tuned their rustic song.

As with raptured gaze I stood
Hills and valleys to admire,
Deep embosom'd in a wood,
Rose to view, the village spire!

Far remote from man's abode
 Noise and strife cannot intrude,
Where the pious worship God,
 With a holy gratitude !

And the narrow paths that wind,
 To that simple rustic fane,
Seem to leave the world behind
 With its care and toil and pain.

So should we our thoughts refine,
 From worldly dross and earthly leaven,
When we pray for grace divine,
 When we seek the path to Heaven.

While we meditate and trace
 In the mould'ring grave-stone's lore,
Names of those who claim a place,
 Mixing with the gay — no more.

These are scenes to mend the heart ;
 Lighter truths may pass away,
But the lessons they impart
 Teach us, we are kindred clay !

ON THE RUINS OF PEVENSEY CASTLE.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, 1820.

MIGHTY building ! grand in ruin,
 Time and thee have battled strong —
 Time's accomplish'd thy undoing,
 Yet he must endure thee long !

Thus when Anger's fierceness striving
 Crushes down the hapless foe,
 There's a feeling still surviving
 Mercy's breast shall never know.

So may 'Time his course pursuing
 Thy bold fragments now descry :
 And repentant, weep thy ruin —
 His stern breast may yield a sigh !

I ONCE SAID TO MY HEART.

I ONCE said to my heart, did'st thou never hear tell,
That young Love is call'd blind, tho' he shoots very well ?

I suppose, said my heart, he has eyes ;
He has eyes, I believe, it was thought so, of old,
He has been caught tipping his arrows with gold,
But now he is seldom so wise.

Where fortune ne'er smiles, he will oft aim a dart,
And poor silly creatures are struck to the heart,

Love laughs at the time they receive it ;
He smiles at their pain, and in triumph will say —
Did ye never fear Love ? — as he flutters away —
Said my heart, with a sigh, I believe it !

THE JEALOUS LOVER.

A SONG.

WHEREFORE all that needless care
To adorn thy shape and air,
 Already too bewitching ?
Why seek to fetter all mankind ?
Why add the graces of thy mind
 Each native charm enriching ?
Too well these watchful eyes can see
That cruel care is not for me !

Oh ! I would have thee spurn the lays,
Nor hear the dulcet song of praise,
 But when I touch the string ;
Oh ! I would have thee shun each snare,
Nor learn from others thou art fair,
 But listen when I sing :
For well these wary eyes can see,
Thou hearest praise from more than me !

Attend, sweet maid, attend my strain, —
 Thou still must hear my lute complain,
 If unblest with thy smile ;
 O hide those graces from my view,
 Or teach a heart so fond and true
 To feel love's hope awhile :
 For well thy piercing eyes may see,
 I have a heart for none but thee !

TO THE SEDUCER.

PERHAPS Eliza's plaint hath struck thine ear,
 Perchance thine eye hath seen her wasted form —
 And marked the progress of the silent tear,
 Ere dried by frenzy in its heated storm :
 Beats thy false heart, yet firmly in thy breast,
 Whilst she, who once was dear, is hopeless and dis-
 tress'd ?

Was it a manly part, to wound her soul ?

Had innocence no charms to awe thy mind,
Nor honour's gen'rous feeling to controul

Thy native falsehood, basest of mankind !
Say, not repentance shall redress her wrong,
She's sunk to rise no more, for sense is gone !

Now hie thee to some dark and dismal cave,
With sighs and tears retard the hours of night ;
Look with a wistful longing on the grave,
But live till ev'ry hope has left thy sight !
Then sink neglected to the silent tomb —
A nettle for thine emblem there shall bloom.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF HER LATE MAJESTY,
QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

Now Britain mourns again, again displays
Funereal pomp amidst a people's tears ;
Our venerable Queen has closed her days,
More ripe in virtue than her length of years.

November's dark and gloomy month again
 Spreads o'er the land its thick and misty sky,
 Gives us to tread in sorrow's dismal train,
 Demands the tribute of a nation's sigh.

But not, as when our youthful Charlotte slept,
 Our hearts should pour forth all their tides of woe,
 And many virtues still remain unwept,
 Though sympathy ne'er felt so keen a blow.

'Tis not in uncheck'd anguish we should mourn, —
 Her num'rous days and well spent life deny,
 Changing an earthly for an Heavenly crown —
 Her merit claims our love, her loss a sigh !

'Twas hers to fill each active scene in life
 With conscious dignity devoid of pride ;
 A tender mother and a virtuous wife,
 The wants of misery her hand supplied.

Her loss the grateful orphan's tear shall draw, —
 The widow'd matrons cherish'd hopes expire, —
 She's gone, the victim of that mortal law,
 That breaks the tend'rest ties to waft them higher !

ON THE LOUVRE,

WRITTEN AT THE HÔTEL D'ARTOIS, RUE D'ARTOIS,

PARIS, APRIL THE 19TH, 1819.

WITHIN these walls, justly a nation's pride,
 Pomp seems to reign, magnificence reside ;
 Art vies with art in ev'ry place to throw
 A shining lustre and a costly show !
 In this grand dome, all other thoughts retire,
 Lost in amazement, we can scarce admire ;—
 What tongue can tell the splendour of the place,
 What mind conceive it, with sufficient grace ?
 No eye beholds it, but the wond'rous view
 Seems like a vision and the sight untrue :
 A solemn awe pervades the mind, when near
 These matchless statues, that like life appear.
 Yes, they must speak, they give a voice to fame
 That never from like forms of marble came,
 That voice proclaims these striking words around,
 “ Art reigns divine, immortal, and profound !”

Said I immortal — 'twas a word too bold —
 I check the wand'ring sentence, for behold !
 This mighty structure, and its treasures too,
 Shall vanish like a sunbeam from the view ;
 Cities and nations too shall pass away,
 Alike unheeded on that dreadful day, —
 But till that day shall come, that hour of fate,
 Shine thou, the glory of the Gallic state !

PILATE SAID, " WHAT IS TRUTH ?"

THOU great Omnipotent that rul'st the sky,
 " Thy word is truth," — let me, on that rely !
 Our blest Redeemer, when he dwelt below
 To his enquiring judge, affirm'd it so,
 And saints in every age, who love his name,
 To all that ask, will gladly say the same !
 Thou gracious Lord, that art the sinner's friend,
 Thy word is truth ? let me on that depend !

STORM SCENE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE FOLLOWING LINES OCCASIONED BY THREE BROTHERS WHO
 DISAGREED, THE ELDEST HAVING SPENT THEIR JOINT PROPERTY,
 WENT TO SEA ; AND IS ON HIS RETURN SHIPWRECKED, BUT SAVED
 FROM DEATH BY THE ASSISTANCE OF HIS TWO BROTHERS.
 WRITTEN AUGUST, 1819.

LOUD blows the wind across the moor
 And fierce the tempest raves,
 High dash the billows on the shore,
 And distant peals of thunder's roar,
 Are echoed by the waves.

How dark and cheerless is the night,
 How hoarse the bittern screams,
 And awful breaks upon the sight,
 In streaming flash of blazing light,
 The forked lightning's gleams.

What dismal shriek is that I hear
 Rise from the troubled wave ;
 What hapless form is that draws near,
 With mangled limbs all pale with fear
 Escaped a wat'ry grave ?

Oh ! haste, assist, or else he dies,
 Plunge in without delay ;
 Life is far spent and closed his eyes,
 His fleeting spirit breathes in sighs, —
 Restore him to the day.

'Tis done ! we bear him to the shore, —
 Now gently rest his head ;
 His pallid form is covered o'er,
 With wounds — Oh ! stop the streaming gore,
 And healing balsams shed !

But now a voice breaks on mine ear,
 'Tis Edmund's voice, O ! Heaven !
 And did we to the shore draw near
 To save a brother loved so dear —
 Be all the past forgiven.

And all forgot, — the storm awhile
 Raged high, but now doth rest,
 So let this moment reconcile
 Our hearts and thoughts in friendship's smile, —
 And live we ever blest !

THE SUMMER'S DAY.

WRITTEN ON THE 23D JULY, 1819, IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

COME, gentlest Muse, retard with pleasing strains,
 The passing moments of this summer's day,
 Quick leave the busy town for rural plains,
 And peaceful there commence thy artless lay.

But first invoke the genius of the shades,
 And woo sweet harmony to tune thy lyre ;
 Then choose thee from amongst the village maids,
 The fairest Nymph thy numbers to inspire.

Let her be gay, be innocent and free,
 Nor ever yet, have heard of love's soft tale ;
 Frank as fair virtue is, Oh ! let her be,
 But modest, as the lily of the vale.

Not on her form, which should be wond'rous fair,
 But on her mind, let her most care bestow ;
 For time's destroying hand shall not impair
 What sensibility, and virtue sow.

For these shall bloom afresh divinely fair,
 When time shall bid the throbbing heart repose ;
 Hail, beauteous Maid, beloved beyond compare,
 How blest with thee my future days to close !

How oft together would we mark the dawn,
 Seated on grassy turf or mossy stone ;
 And oft at even, trace the flow'ry lawn,
 Before the sun's last rays across the mead were thrown.

Hail fancy's flow'ry lays, that calm the mind,
 And paint the joys of sweet refined delight ;
 Much to thy gentle charms my soul's inclined —
 Oh ! gild my vacant hours with radiance bright,

And hush the griefs that cloud my checquer'd way,
 Pouring fresh balm, my bosom soothe from care,—
 Adding fresh lustre to the summer's day,
 Infuse thy aid divine, accept my votive prayer !

THE FOWLER.

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE SUGGESTED FROM READING IN CLARK'S
 DELINEATOR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, IN THE DESCRIPTION OF
 FRESHWATER, A CIRCUMSTANCE OF A FOWLER BEING PLACED
 IN THE SITUATION DEPICTED IN THE POEM. — WRITTEN ON THE
 30TH OF JULY, 1819, IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

FRESHWATER's high white cliffs and beauties rare
 May with the first on Albion's shore compare ;
 At the extreme of the most western end,
 The far famed dang'rous Needles' points extend,
 Which for succeeding ages sternly brave
 The raging force of the assailing wave.
 Secured from storms within its friendly bay,
 The fishing barks are moor'd 'till break of day,
 And then with spreading sails they cut the wat'ry way.

What dangers, in these rocks, do those sustain,
 Who seek their treasures in the hopes of gain ;
 The hardy peasants to the cliffs repair,
 Descending by a rope with toil and care,
 Hang perilous, the caverns to explore,
 Six hundred feet above the sea's loud roar !

The bold adventurer gains the dark recess,
 A hidden booty crowns him with success ;
 For in the fractured mountain's silent breast
 The sea-fowl builds with care its plummy nest ;
 Its feathers pluck'd supplies with tender fear
 A bed for the young brood, it ne'er shall rear ;
 For man, sole Lord, claims all the rocks contain,
 And all the creatures of the earth's domain, —
 Insatiable he climbs the mountain's brow,
 Or traps the unwary fish in lake below !

Once, in this fearful place with bold essay,
 A wretched man had forced his dang'rous way,
 Neglecting to secure his safe retreat,
 He left the cord unfasten'd at his feet,
 And while he seized the eggs, his labour's prize,
 Sudden — the rope across the chasm flies !
 He saw it bound and death was in his eyes.
 Aghast and motionless behold him stand,
 The cord returns, but further from his hand,
 And quick retires, vibration dies away,
 And nought remains but horror and dismay.—
 This moment lost — the world is lost to me,
 No home, nor friends beloved these eyes shall see,

But death with tedious pace approach me here,
 My feeble cries shall draw no mortal near !
 An earnest prayer still quiver'd on his tongue,
 Desp'rate across the abyss he swiftly sprung,
 One moment — balanced in the air he hung !
 The next he caught, he gain'd the saving goal,
 Fresh hope and vigour, rush'd into his soul !
 His comrades raised him to the purer air —
 His grateful praise to Heaven is his first care !
 Then quick returning to his loved abode,
 The wonders of his late escape, — he told !

A CHARADE.

“ MY first,” they would shake you with terror,
 If once they get hold of your frame ;
 “ My second ” is often in error,
 And is the first part of a name :
 “ I am the third,” and if right you divine, —
 You will tell me a name that for ages will shine.

EVENING WALK TO THE SAND-ROCK SPRING.

FROM NITON, ISLE OF WIGHT,—WRITTEN OCTOBER 22, 1819.

Soon as I view the sun's departing ray
 Shine on the borders of the gliding stream,
 Methinks I hear the lute's harmonious lay
 Pay homage to the bright, but quiv'ring beam ;
 The grove's sweet songsters, mindful of the theme,
 Now join their warbling to the ev'ning song,
 And echo from the rocks and caves serene ;
 The sylvan concert will at times prolong,
 Answ'ring responsive to the tuneful throng.

In silent glens, where rocky cliffs tower high,
 How sweet to wander at this magic hour,
 To feel the rapture nature's charms supply,
 When soft resign'd to solitude's calm power ;
 Now trace with curious eye the woodland flower,
 Then turn to view the ocean's tide recede.
 Oh ! this is nature's book, and wisdom's bower,
 Here contemplation's votary may read,
 In living pages, Truth's momentous creed !

Here nothing false with glitt'ring shows delude,
 No art has shaped the wild romantic scene,
 But rocky stones in rugged mass seclude,
 The scarce worn path that stripes the spangled green ;
 Where wand'ring springs slow trickling intervene,
 As gently gliding to some distant grot,
 And here and there a straggling sheep is seen,
 And smoke, dim rising from one lonely cot,
 Relieves the stealing gloom of this sequester'd spot !

But who shall paint the glories of the sea,
 Though circumscribed by that Almighty law,
 That says,—so far shall thy proud course be free,
 But urge no further thy destructive war !
 For here, thy raging torrents shall withdraw.
 The red sky still illumines the half tinged sail,
 The Needle rocks impose a chilling awe,
 The tall bark lightly skims with fav'ring gale,
 Whilst many a heart beats high to hear the traveller's tale !

Enjoy, my soul, this calm and peaceful hour,—
Life seems to rest, and lay its cares aside;
'Tis happy when the mind has gain'd the power,
To taste the present good, — if ills betide,
It gently breaks their bond, and wanders wide,
Seeking to meet contentment on its way —
Contentment shall a remedy provide,
Sweet as the balmy breeze at close of day,
Bright as the golden beam of the autumnal ray.

To meditation's charms, I bid farewell,
The dusky twilight warns me to retire—
The white surf now assumes a deeper swell,
The prospect varies, and I still admire!
But Night approaches in her dark attire—
Bright Cynthia rising with her shining train,
Soon bids the dull usurper's reign expire,
Pouring fresh day upon the verdant plain,
Till Phœbus mount his car and ride his course again.

ON SEEING MY SON AMUSE HIMSELF BLOWING
BUBBLES.

It grieves my heart, my dearest boy,
Lest in these hours of childish joy,
Thou shew'st thy lot, in future day :
What, are these bubbles, shining bright,
Which give thy mind such fond delight,
Now gently gliding, on their way.
What are they ? may they not compare
With life's best prospects opening fair ?
Yes, happiness is bright and gay,
And after it, we eager stray, —
And now, and then, 'tis rosy May,
But soon thick clouds obstruct our care,
We look again, there's nothing there —
'Tis sunk, or vanish'd into air !

Forbear, my Muse, be it indeed a truth,
Damp not the lively joy of sprightly youth,
Burst not the bubble, by too prudent care,
'Tis time enough to feel, what disappointments are !

THE ROSES,

A FABLE ADDRESSED TO MY BROTHER.—1819.

A ROSE above the garden wall,
Had rear'd its head so gay and tall ;
And gave its beauties to the eye,
Of ev'ry idle passer by.

Alexis from his window caught,
It's rich perfume, and soon he thought
To make the lovely prize his own,
And pluck the rose that bloom'd alone.

But whilst the youth his wish express'd
To wear the flow'ret in his breast ;
He still with nice and jealous care,
Was mindful what he shelter'd there ;
And ere he reach'd the rose design'd,
He thus display'd his alter'd mind ;
Ah ! idly vain and simple flower,
Why didst thou leave the peaceful bower ;
To court the flatt'ring voice of praise, —
Unguarded meet the rudest gaze ;

The chilling winds, thy leaves may tear
 Exposed to ev'ry sportive air.
 Know, thoughtless gay and flaunting rose,
 Thou shalt not on my breast repose ;
 Shall I be found with care to screen
 A form, that ev'ry eye has seen, —
 No still adorn thy parent tree,
 The violet breathes as sweet to me.
 He turn'd with hasty step away,
 Nor thought to wear a rose that day ;
 But close within the garden pale
 There grew a lily of the vale,
 And just above, but screen'd from view,
 A lovely rose-bud sipp'd the dew ;
 Its modest worth was little known,
 It sought no sphere above its own ;
 Alexis fondly seized the flower, —
 And still preserves it, to this hour,
 With care he guards, its tender form,
 It ne'er shall feel the pelting storm.

And now ye fair ones, shall I say
 Ye are the flowers of life's young day,

And those who trust in beauty's power
 Are like my gay exulting flower,—
 While sweet retiring innocence
 Must always win the man of sense.

TO MY SISTER.

Dost thou, my Sister, love those hours to trace,
 When we together work'd, together play'd,
 Pleased in each other's company, each place
 Beheld us happy, and in smiles array'd.
 Methinks 'tis sweet, those gay, and fairy hours
 To call to mind, and live them o'er again,
 Like scents exhaled from aromatic flowers,
 Tho' faded now, the odours still remain.
 Yes, I believe thou lov'st to think upon
 Our early pastimes, and those scenes retain
 When if care cast her gloomy shadows on,
 We strove to lessen, or divide the pain ; —
 And sure I am, the fairest flowers to me
 Are not so grateful, Sweet, as hours I've passed with
 thee.

THE HERMIT,

OR MORNING WALK TO ST. CATHARINE'S HILL FROM NITON,

ISLE OF WIGHT.

BRIGHT shines the vaulted sky with azure blue,
 Soft blows the western breeze, this lovely morn,
 Nature, attired in garments ever new,
 Has shed her spangles o'er the fragrant lawn ;
 Whilst wavy fields smile rich with yellow corn !
 The tuneful linnet on the hawthorn spray
 Has sung her ditty and on high is flown ; —
 We to St. Catharine's Hill will bend our way,
 And view the pleasing scenes that her high steeps display.

And much these grassy meads our steps invite
 To wander fearless of the noontide ray,
 On either side rich vales refresh the sight,
 And tow'ring cliffs, are clad in green array,
 Save where the rugged rock has broke away :
 Adding more wildness to each sloping side,
 And massy stones wash'd by the foaming spray
 Do bleach their polish'd surface, till the tide,
 Impetuous rushes back, assailing far and wide.

Now turn we to the right, and o'er the dell
 St. Catharine's steep arises — proud and high ;
 Where stands the vestige of an hermit cell
 To stay the wand'ring foot that saunters by :
 And near in ruin, likewise we descry
 The tott'ring remnant of a lighthouse tower,
 Once spreading hope, before the seaman's eye,
 When toss'd by tempests and their raging power :
 A beacon to preserve, in danger's chilling hour.

Five centuries back, as ancient records say,
 In this lone place, there dwelt an hermit old,
 Who nightly, for the mariners would pray,
 Through summer's heat, and winter's piercing cold :
 Hail charity ! thy price is more than gold,
 Hail blest philanthropist, and rev'rend sage,
 Thy deeds of mercy, I with joy unfold,
 And choose thy pious zeal to crown my page,
 And bless thy holy life, and thy respected age.

Whilst fancy paints thy habitation neat,
 Of simple structure, but adorn'd with care,
 And near a shady bower, on mossy seat,
 Where thou wast wont to taste the morning air,
 And spread thy short repast of simple fare,
 Attended only by the feather'd train,
 Invited oft thy frugal meal to share,
 Nor was thy gentle courtesy in vain,
 They graced thy friendly board, and tuned their sprightly
 strain !

Sweet days of peace, of innocence and love,
 How little now thy charms amuse the mind.
 How calmly pass'd thine hours, thy thoughts above
 Were fixed, where dwelt thy treasure. To mankind
 Thy manners gentle, and thy speech refined :
 Not all thy hours to solitude were giv'n
 For Even, oftimes brought the lab'ring hind
 Or shepherd swain, whose flocks to fold were driv'n,
 Their ignorance to help, and point the way to Heaven !

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DEPARTED FRIEND, AGED 21.

WRITTEN SEPTEMBER, 1820.

THERE was a time, when with MARIA blest,
 Conversing I enjoyed each varied theme
 Of innocence, — sure innate of her breast, —
 And each one, raised, in me the more esteem;
 And is it past? — I ask my sadden'd heart —
 Fled like the vision of a pleasing dream:
 And is it past? do we so early part —
 How light and swiftly wing'd, those hours now seem.
 O Death! this is thine arbitrary power
 Gently to pass where Time's marked out thy prey,
 But pluck, with ruthless hand, the opening flower
 Shedding its early fragrance on the day —
 Young, modest, sensible, engaging, free,
 How sweet her memory lives! How dear to me!

ON THE BIRTH DAY OF F. R. H.

WRITTEN MARCH 7TH, 1820.

HAPPY morning, haste, arise,
Deck with golden beams the skies,
Balmy zephyrs fill the air
Happy morning, rise as fair !
As on brightest summer's day,
Or the rosy month of May,
Or in Autumn's fruitful time,
When Nature revels in her prime.
Softly break, sweet morn of joy,
Let no single care annoy !
Let all griefs be far away,
'Tis my darling's natal day.
Let him gently hail the light,
Having sweetly slept all night !
Let his father's fond embrace
Dress in smiles his comely face ;
Let his mother's tender kiss
Faintly speak a parent's bliss.

'Tis his day of mirth and sport,
Gaiety and sprightly thought.
Hours of frolic, noise and play,
'Tis the dawn of life's young day.
May his steps in early youth
Tread the solid paths of truth,
Whilst those paths resplendent shine
Guiding safe to honour's shrine,
May his foot ne'er turn aside,
Lose the track, or wander wide !

Now to pleasure yield the hours,
Crown the cups with rosy flowers !
Pledge him merrily, and say,
Oft enjoy this welcome day !
Long as life has charms to please,
Blest with innocence and ease,
Whilst we joyous pass the day,
Let us not neglect to pray
For grace, for virtue, wit and health,
And if God please, long life and wealth

THE BOAT.

GENTLY drop the light oar, in the soft flowing wave,
'Tis pleasant to muse, as the breeze murmurs by ;
Life's stream has so much of rude tempests to brave,
When our bark's oft unmann'd, and no harbour is nigh.

Come cherish a hope, that shines bright as the stream,
As sparkling and clear, as its surface is fair ;
Be its stay but as short as a fanciful dream,
It is welcomer far — than the foresight of care.

Oh 'tis sweet, it is pleasant, thus tranquil to rest,
While Nature is robed in her sweetest array ;
And the calm that inhabits the innocent breast
Is refresh'd by the scene, and invited to stay.

TO MY LAMP.

DID my dull fancy's lamp as brightly glow
As wide diffuse a clear resplendent ray,
In smoothest lines, my numbers quick should flow,
To tell thy brilliant charms at close of day !

May thy chaste light o'er friendship's hallow'd board
Still add a charm, and teach this lesson too, —
Where merit shines, be all thy radiance pour'd,
But spare where diffidence illudes the view !

Seek not to dazzle, 'twas not meant for earth !
And few will praise the flash that causes pain ;
But kindle sweetly, when true wit and mirth
Spread the mild lustre of thy cheerful reign !

Another moral shall thy beams afford,
Emblem of life, I view thy shining light,
Still on my mem'ry's page this truth record, —
The extinguish'd flame of each is solemn night !

Art thou revived, and shall not life return ?

Shall mortal sleep still keep mankind its prey ?

No, in eternal Spring, their lamps shall burn

Tenants of light, and life's immortal day !

But the Great Lord of light and life demands

Their lamps should brightly burn, who follow him ;

Let me not then neglect His high commands,

Nor foolish loiter till my lamp grows dim !

Lest He should come, when I have slept too long,

And shut the door that leads to heavenly light :

O let me strive to learn the bridal song,

And join the choirs above of angels bright.

LINES

ON THE INTERMENT OF OUR LATE MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN.

WRITTEN FEBRUARY 16TH, 1820.

AND is this mournful day, so dreaded come,
 And is that solemn knell that sounds so deep,
 A signal to proclaim, the marble tomb
 Receives a monarch to its sacred sleep ?
 How many, at this parting scene shall weep,
 And in their King, a father's loss deplore —
 Nations may rise and fall and ages creep
 Ere Britons see so blest a reign once more :
 Forbear, prophetic Muse thy gloomy strain give o'er.

Hail ! happy spirit, Britons' honour'd King,
 Blest be thy course, and sure thy trackless flight,
 High o'er this earth, upborne on seraph's wing,
 To the fair kingdoms of resplendent light :
 'Tis there, amidst a choir of angels bright,
 Thy kindred soul shalt join their strains divine.
 Oft practis'd in this world, through that long night,
 Shut from thy people's love, — this joy was thine —
 To soothe the weary hours of ling'ring life's decline.

For thou wast still thy God's unceasing care,
 He still beheld thee with the eyes of love ;
 And now — his own good time — calls thee to share
 The endless glories of his reign above !
 He bids from thee all griefs and cares remove,
 He wills that thou shouldst bliss and pleasure know,
 Crown'd with immortal flowers by angels wove,
 At His right hand, where joys for ever flow,
 Secured from woes and pains, that wring our hearts below !

How blest the subject ! who shall live like thee,
 How blest the prince, who fills thy royal throne !
 A gen'rous people's prayers are his, if he
 Now take thy bright example for his own !
 O England, many sorrows hast thou known,
 And death that cropp'd thy rosebud, blooming fair,
 Now claims the garden's pride, — nor him alone
 His princely son is doom'd the grave to share —
 Cease, cease, insatiate foe, the royal mourners spare !

LAMENTATIONS OF THE DUCHESS DE BERRI,

ON THE ASSASSINATION OF HER ROYAL CONSORT.

WRITTEN FEBRUARY 20TH, 1820.

O BEAR me not with cruel hands
 From all I love, but bid me stay :
 Reverse, O Sire ! thy sad commands
 A little while, I humbly pray !

A little while, Oh ! let me gaze,
 My tearless eyes, with horror dim,
 Shall watch each fearful pain t' assuage, —
 My heart will break if torn from him !

My Charles look up, if ever, dear,
 Thy faithful wife's fond accents stole, —
 Behold thy Caroline is near,
 She prays for thy departing soul !

O Death ! approach in gentlest form,
 If thou must tear my lord away, —
 O Heav'n ! dispel the heavy storm
 That threatens France, this fatal day.

'Tis past, I feel a widow'd heart !

My hours of peace too soon are gone !

But little can this world impart

For me to look with int'rest on.

My tender babe, my only care

O'er thee shall flow my bitter tears, —

For ah ! thy father's latest prayer

Display'd for thee, prophetic fears !

Ill fated land, thou'st proved to me,

That grief may dwell in walls of state, —

That pomp may cover misery,

And splendour only mock our fate !

For what avails this gilded dome,

Where sorrow deadens ev'ry eye,

For in a martyr'd monarch's tomb

My lord, by murd'rous hand, must lie !

Beloved prince, thy trials o'er,

Thy happy soul no pain shall know,

A gracious God, thy lips adore,

Whilst I am left to weep below !

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL,

ADDRESSED TO F. R. H., MY ONLY CHILD.

CHILD of my heart, what counsels shall I give,
How warn thy youthful feet to shun the shore
Where time mispent, in records still must live
On memory's heavy page, a painful store —
And raise a poignant grief, and sigh much more,
Than if thy life were chill'd by adverse fate,
And poverty's thin robe had wrapt thee o'er —
Oh ! fly this fatal snare, this abject state,
And rise in virtue's deeds pre-eminently great !

If 'tis thy happy lot, in early youth,
By kind parental guidance to be led
Up the steep path of knowledge and of truth,
Where honour rears her elevated head ;
Round thee the sweetest joys of life are spread,
Then fear to give a parent's heart a pain !
Nor fill their minds for thee with anxious dread,
For ah ! when early youth is past in vain,
How fruitless is the wish those envied paths to gain !

Let not thy youthful years, and youthful fire,
 Reject the counsel that experience brings,
 Nor with a thoughtless, heedless zeal aspire
 To soar triumphantly with uncheck'd wings !
 'Tis not for man, — the muse lamenting sings —
 To frame a life that care shall not invade,
 Hope treads a rising ground, ambition springs,
 But merit sinks without exertion's aid,
 Some bloom on sunny banks, some are condemn'd to
 shade !

In humble shade, the simple violet breathes
 A rich perfume, that scents the choral grove,
 So modest worth disdains the flow'ry wreaths
 With prickly thorns, by state and grandeur wove —
 But seeks a life retired, with innocence and love !
 Ambition has no charms for souls refined,
 They prize sweet social virtues far above ;
 These shed a pure bright influence o'er the mind,
 And lead to useful deeds and benefit mankind.

On sunny banks gay tulips never shed
 Rich od'rous gifts to charm the circling air,
 Proud of their numerous dyes and stately head
 They waste in idle life the liberal share,
 That nature gives of good, nor think they have to spare :
 Beware all selfish views, arise and show
 A gen'rous heart to feel another's care,
 A liberal hand, such blessings to bestow
 As sympathy suggests, and virtuous minds must know !

But how can I describe the anxious fears,
 The glowing hopes that animate my breast,
 As through the distant vale of ripening years,
 I view thee entering, — a timid guest,
 On life's broad stage, thy merits to attest.
 I see thee boldly dare in virtue's cause, —
 Fond expectation lays my fears to rest.
 Oh ! never, never then transgress her laws,
 Secure a mind at peace, and feel its sweet applause !

These maxims sage shall strength and vigour give ;
 Let all thy views from this high truth be drawn,
 That God supports all those that to him live, —
 Then live to Him, nor fear the idler's scorn !
 Nor feel the direful pain of hope forlorn ;
 Let all thy trust be placed on that sure ground,
 Whence spring all true delights, where joy is born,
 Where only happiness on earth is found,
 On high to bloom afresh, and endless to abound.

O happy choice ! O choose thee, FREDERIC, so
 Of all life's various paths, that narrow way —
 'Tis safest, surest, and if on thou'lt go
 The scene will brighten, and the cheerful ray
 Of heartfelt peace shine clear, through manhood's day !
 Be this thy happy state devoid of care,
 Go fearless on, 'tis now a flowery way,
 Then taste of earthly good, a well earn'd share,
 Thy parents blessing thine, — for thee their fervent prayer.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

OLD Time has grown younger, more active and gay,
His wings are fresh plumed and he flies all the day ;
His course is so rapid, so airy and light,
That ere you can catch him, he's gone out of sight!
I wish'd for his friendship, and thought of a plan
By useful employments to please the old man ;
But he minded me not, and my wishes were vain,
He started off quickly and vanish'd again !

I sat down one morning determined to try
At least to detain him, as he posted by ;
With books and my work, and some writing to do,
I thought I might stop him, as he came in view.
He laugh'd at my project, I scarce had begun,
When he caught up his glass, the sand was soon run ;
He came in so slily, and slid by so fast,
I just saw his shadow, before it had past !
I find him a wag, and he teazes me so,
The more I would keep him the sooner he'll go ;

I well can remember some months now gone by,
He seem'd to dwell with me and never to fly.

His company then used to tire, not to ease me,
 Sickness oppress'd and old Time could not please me,
 He used, like my nurse, my doctor or friend,
 So close at my pillow with Care to attend.
 He ne'er seem'd in haste or ere talk'd of his flight,
 But stay'd by my side to draw out the long night ;
 He often would tell me, as restless I lay,
 Of hours I had wasted, and trifled away ;
 And bring to my mind, that his reign had an end,
 Nor could he be always my aider and friend :
 The present was all we should prize as our own,
 The future uncertain, delusive, unknown.
 But his lectures were given so solemn and slow,
 I often grew peevish, and wish'd him to go,
 But never desired he should quite leave my sight,
 For absence of time, is a very long night !
 I promised to lay his grave lessons to heart,
 And daily he said he would new ones impart ;
 But now I am better, he's off in such haste,
 He cannot I think spend a moment in waste !
 He's always so steady, his race to pursue,
 Ere one course is finished, another's in view ;
 Perchance 'tis his meaning and lesson to me
 To be active, industrious and steady as he !

ON HEARING THAT
CLARE, THE POET,
WAS PERSUADED TO WRITE ON SUBJECTS NOT SUITED TO
HIS MUSE.

SWEET bard, shun the strain, the fair chaplet undoing
That fancy has form'd and thy brows now entwine,
Oh ! heed not the counsel, that woos thee to ruin,
For freedom, and nature unfetter'd are thine.

Oh ! think not the Muse, while she haunts the fresh spring,
Can be tempted in crowds, and gay cities to dwell ;
Oh ! continue thine own artless numbers to sing
To the notes of thy wild harp, and all will be well.

LINES TO * * *

Al! should thy lines unanswer'd be, —
'Tis want of skill to prompt the strain ;
Thou know'st they're not unfelt by me,
And language then is vain.

Yet should my wild harp silent rest,
Its chords no sound convey,
The warmest feelings of my breast
Would sicken and decay.

Ever my simple wreath I'll twine,
Responsive to my heart ;
Ever that heart shall be to thine
The truest counterpart !

ON THE BEAUTIFUL VIEW

FROM THE MANSION OF THOMAS BRUGES, ESQ. SEEND, WILTS.

UNRIVALLED scene, vain, vain all art,
Thy magic beauties to display, —
It cannot reach the enraptured heart
That glows beneath the sunny ray ;

It cannot give that space so free,
That bids my eyes so widely range ;
It cannot bring that joy to me
Of feelings waked so sweetly strange !

O Nature ! on thy powerful charms,
Let thy fond votary ever rest ;
Enfolded in thy circling arms,
I breathe the freedom of the blest !

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY, WHOM THE SUDDEN LOSS OF
A BELOVED FATHER CONSIGNED TO THE GRAVE A FEW MONTHS
AFTER. — INSCRIBED WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF RESPECT TO
HER SURVIVING PARENT. — WRITTEN JANUARY, 1820.

CLAIMS not thy early fate some mournful lay,
Some tender tears to flow from pity's eyes ?
Accept the tribute, that I haste to pay
Ere we resign thee to thy native skies !

Thou, like some beauteous blossom opening fair,
Wer't lovely, graceful, shedding sweets around —
Till blighted by some rudely chilling air
'Tis wither'd, broken, beaten to the ground !

How blest thy lot, how far removed from care,
Seem'd thy young days in blissful scenes to fly ;
How little was thy gentle soul aware
That joy was fleeting, and that grief was nigh !

How oft the poor thy welcome steps would bless,
 Gladly thine hand would needed gifts bestow —
 Thy words, how sweetly, sympathy express
 For ever melting at the tale of woe !

How blest thy parents in their children's smile,
 How mild thine azure eyes beamed love to them —
 Thine was a look e'en misery might beguile,
 For SUSAN shone their first, their brightest gem !

Oft with thy sister band, in pleasing strain,
 Thy voice would rise, or dulcet harp attune ;
 Oh ! cease, fond memory, to augment my pain !
 Fled are those pleasing scenes, alas too soon !

Soft sensibility possess'd thy mind,
 Thy life seem'd bound in sweet affection's ties ;
 Fate spared thee not, but cruel and unkind,
 Pierced through thy tender breast—a father dies

Let me not paint thine anguish from that hour,
 Let me but add, upon a parent's tomb,
 Sunk the fair mourner like a drooping flow'r,
 Sweet in her virgin charms, and youthful bloom.

Ye, whom youth, health and innocence adorn,
 So gaily tripping in life's shining vale,
 None more than her, these charms could call her own ;
 Read on her tomb, how little they avail !

Now to the weeping mother change the lay,
 Oh ! may thy sacred sorrow be beguiled !
 Think on thy parted lord, and smiling say,
 " Thy happy spirit doth embrace our child ! "

RUBENS AND THE ALCHEMIST.

Oh ! happiness, thou great substantial end
 Of all our projects, toils, and labours here,
 When will thy solace sweet our lives attend,
 Gild hope's light sail, and chase desponding fear ?

Oh ! thou most lovely, most beloved maid,
 What throngs have woo'd thee thro' a length of years !
 Whilst thou, with chilling coyness, hast repaid
 Their arduous efforts, and their fruitless tears.

How various are the paths in which mankind
 Seek the bright traces, that thy footsteps form,
 Regardless that thy swiftness leaves behind
 The whirlwind's fleetness and the threat'ning storm !

Not in the mazes, Science spreads around,
 Not in the soft hours luxuries unfold ;
 Nor in the walks of art, nor classic ground,
 Nor in th' amassing of large heaps of gold.

No, nor in Love's rose-wreathing fairy bower,
 Nor friendship's sacred fane, alone we find,
 Thy presence resting ; a far higher power
 Thy empire claims : thou reignest in the mind !

So when the Alchymist, to RUBENS' ear,
 Told the rich prospects of his wond'rous scheme
 How quick that lofty genius, made appear,
 The idle fancies of his fruitless dream.

Thus to the sage's eyes he soon display'd
 The matchless labours of his skilful hand.
 " Thou com'st too late, in these," he smiling said,
 " Behold the pleasures, that my thoughts command."

Then to his loved HELENA, soon he turn'd,

“ Say, have I cause to seek for treasures rare
Think'st thou a brighter jewel could be earn'd
By the deep projects of thy studious care ?

Then, in my smiling infant's rosy face,

A gem of fairest lustre, I can see,
Her winning arts, her sweet attractive grace,
These, these are riches dearer far to me !”

The sage replied, “ my secret's known to thee,

Oh envied man ! with pleasures so refined ;
I'll seek no more, for thou hast proved to me,
That happiness, must centre in the mind.”

ON A VISIT AT CAMBRIDGE.

COMPOSED IN THE GARDENS OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE.

CAMBRIDGE, in thy sweet shades, how oft at eve
 I walk'd, and felt I trod on classic ground !
 Not unregrettingly I take my leave,
 Nor careless cast a parting glance around.

Thy holy fanes inspire religious awe,
 Thy schools of learning, animate my mind ;
 Divinity, and physie, science, law,
 Here shed their grateful blessings on mankind !

Long may fair knowledge fix her dwelling here,
 The liberal arts, like graces in her train ;
 And wider, wider far, each passing year,
 Extend the bound'ries of her loved domain.

And thou fair tree, from our dear MILTON sprung,
 My artless lines may not record thy fame,
 For loftier Bards, I ween, thy boughs have sung,
 And wish'd their verdure lasting as his name.

Be thou, to each young breast, a guardian tree,
 Where learning, honour, and fair virtue shine ;
 Add thou, that envied gift, sweet poesy,
 And round their brows the mystic wreath entwine !

For surely it belongs to MILTON's tree
 To yield the fairest crown, for poet's head ;
 And still beneath thy hallowed shade shall be
 Each candidate for minstrel honours led !

'Tis there the spirit of the bard, Heaven-taught,
 Still hov'ring round shall love of verse inspire,
 Each attribute of song be quickly caught,
 And genius seize at once the Muse's fire !

Be hush'd my strain, nor further urge the lay,
 That sacred fire is not vouchsafed to thee ;
 In broken chords, thy notes must die away,
 Nor echo whisper back one tone to me !

YOUNG LOVE

OH! the steps of young Love were soft and light,
As he glided along, by the beams of night,
His face was fair of a rosy hue,
And his locks distill'd ambrosial dew ;
I wish'd " Good Night " as I passed by,
Would you were asleep, young rogue, thought I!

He smiled, as he flutter'd a plummy wing,
And drew an arrow across the string, —
I felt it soon, for it reach'd my heart ;
Cruel! cruel indeed, is the sting of Love's dart :
I wish the young elf had been miles away,
Or would just try his skill, on my dear ROSALA!

TO MY HUSBAND,

ON THE TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING, WITH A PRESENT
OF A SEAL. — WRITTEN OCTOBER 13TH.

ACCEPT this token of regard,
A seal, I give to show
How firm I've kept the holy faith
That to thy love I owe !

Twelve years have rapidly pass'd by,
Since Hymen's tie first bound us,
And happy in our destiny,
This welcome morn has found us.

And thus we'll live, no broken vows
That mutual faith shall sever,
But sacred be the sealed bond,
Which love shall stamp for ever !

ON THE DAY
OF THE INTERMENT OF MY REVERED FATHER.

WRITTEN ON THE 24TH OF MARCH.

Yes, my Father, round thy bier
We all have shed affection's tear,
Yet still we cannot wish thee here,
 Thou'rt happier far !
Subject to grief, and pain no more,
Thou'st pass'd Death's dreaded portal door,
And gain'd at length that blissful shore,
 Above the morning star !

Yet viewing what is left below,
Our tears in Nature's channel flow,
They are not bitter drops of woe,
 Nor sighs of sad complaint !
Rich in integrity and worth,
Humane and generous from thy birth,
We yield to consecrated earth —
 A father and a saint !

EARTH'S RICHEST GEM.

THERE is a gem that shines on earth
 In lustre near to Heaven's pure light,
 And yet the cause that gives it birth
 Is darker than the darkest night ;
 'Tis sin and misery's lowest plight !
 Be mine this gem, more worth to me,
 Than India's richest pearls would be.
 Ah ! but to call its grace mine own,
 I'd spurn the proudest monarch's crown,
 And gladly bear the weight of woe.
 Dost ask what 'tis, I prize so dear
 Beyond all valued things below ?
 It is that sacred pious tear,
 True penitence shall cause to flow :—
 The grace it gains is Heaven above,
 A God of mercy, and of love !

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL MONUMENT

OF THE TWO SISTERS BY F. CHANTREY, R. A.,

NOW PLACED IN LITCHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

BLOOM'D ye so sweet, so beauteous fair,
 Ye lovely, youthful, virgin pair,
 Could not the cruel tyrant spare

Such angel forms ?

Or was the seraph band above
 Constrain'd by zeal and heavenly love,
 Your kindred spirits to remove

From life's rude storms ?

Yes, ye are past each scene of woe,
 Beyond fate's deadliest, keenest blow,
 That bends the proudest hearts below,

Ye 're safe at rest !

The sculptured marble breathes, to tell
 To future ages where ye dwell,
 And that your Hallelujahs swell

The chorus of the blest !

AN ATTEMPTED SONNET TO MEMORY.

MEMORY, thou yieldest pleasure oft to me,
 When thou recall'st past scenes unto my mind,
 When painting in thy brightest imag'ry
 The features of the loved, the good, the kind !
 But yet sometimes, I feel distress'd by thee,
 Thou point'st to joys, alas ! now left behind,
 And speak'st of hours, too vainly, idly past !
 How shall my soul for these a solace find,
 And o'er regrets, oblivion's mantle cast ?
 May I henceforth anticipate thy power,
 Nor print a dark'ning spot upon thy page,
 But loving best the meditative hour,
 In holy thoughts, my future time engage,
 Leaning upon His staff, who guides from youth to age.

THE WEDDING GARMENT,

A VISION IN VERSE, ADDRESSED TO MY HUSBAND.

O THOU, who hast so often shed
Affection's sunbeams round my head,
Attend my strain, to thee I write
Sketching the visions of the night !

Now had the sun from off the lawn
His golden gleams of light withdrawn,
But yet the sky, with glories bright,
Still radiant shone before my sight ;
I sat me on a grassy mound,
My soul was wrapt in thought profound ;
I gazed upon the parting ray,
That glimmer'd on its trackless way !
To heavenly scenes my mind aspired,
I wish'd, I wonder'd, and admired ;
I wish'd that like the setting sun,
My daily task of duty done,
With sacred beams of comfort blest,
My soul might sink to peaceful rest.

I wonder'd that the orb divine
Should o'er the good and evil shine,
Alike display his cheerful smile,
Alike their hours of care beguile,
And I admired the hand from whence
Proceeded the fair excellence !

Then o'er the scene the dusky power
Of twilight, claim'd her solemn hour,
Then faintly sunk the light away,
And with it fled the charms of day ;
Yet pensive twilight oft to me
Brings hours of sweetest imag'ry, —
I love its tint of sober gray, .
Stealing the soul from house of clay
To contemplation's holy fane,
Where meeting with a shining train,
It soars above these scenes of night
Through boundless space to realms of light.
Now twilight deepen'd o'er the plain,
And night resumed her sable reign.
A homeward path my steps retrace
In meditation's solemn pace ;

I sought the couch of downy rest,
 For sleep my weary eyelids prest ;
 When sunk in calm and sweet repose,
 These visions to my sight arose,
 In truth's fair semblance to my view
 Fancy in liveliest colours drew.

Methought I trod a verdant plain
 Amidst a busy noisy train,
 And now the way was strewn with flowers,
 And pleasure crown'd the jocund hours ;
 But soon the path with thorns o'erspread
 Conceal'd the tract to which it led ;
 But still we press'd impatient on,
 Nor fear'd to tread the thorns among ;
 Fatigued, my feet by prickles torn,
 I still amidst the crowd was borne ;
 In vain I wish'd some rest to find
 My wounded limbs at least to bind,
 The giddy and the senseless throng
 Still urged my painful steps along.
 At length I heard the trumpet's sound
 Proclaim this joyful news around !

“ Come, ye weary travellers come,
Faint and breathless, cease to roam,
To the high palace of our King,
Invited ye may enter in.”
Then arose before my sight
Shining courts of radiant light,
And temples dazzling to my eyes
Fill’d my soul with glad surprise :
Then pressing on, with toil and pain,
I sought the spacious doors to gain —
I saw the gardens ever fair
With rosy flow’rs and fragrant air,
I saw the silver fountains play
And heard the minstrels’ choral lay ;
But most my joyful eyes admired
How the bright inmates were attired,
The robes they wore, so richly spun,
They glitter’d like the setting sun.
Then o’er my form, I anxious threw
An eager glance my dress to view,
Then first I saw my dismal plight
Contrasted with those robes of light ;
And how shall I thus enter in
With tatter’d rags and garments thin ;

How fearless join that train so fair
 In these poor vestments which I wear ?
 My soul despairing droop'd with fear
 As to the wide porch drawing near :
 And fainting at the portal gate
 I thus bemoan'd my abject state.
 Ah wretched wand'rer ! not to thee
 Is this bright entrance open'd free,
 Art thou prepared thy suit to bring
 For judgment 'fore the mighty King,
 Who keeps these splendid courts of state,
 Whose sentence is eternal fate ?
 When thus with pain and sorrow spent
 This message from the King was sent :
 " Deluded mortal, hither turn,
 Rise up, the royal mandate learn,
 Ill hast thou thought, that our great lord
 Would not to thee a robe afford ;
 He clothes in light his willing guests,
 With treasures from his golden chests,
 For all that happy train, like thee,
 Once wore the garb of poverty,
 And those who claim his gifts divine
 Like them all gloriously shall shine !

Come, if thou wilt, nor turn away
Invited to the marriage day,
O ! haste the wedding robe to wear,
The pleasures of the feast to share !”
And now I raise my joyful eyes,
Swift springing forth to gain the prize,
When lo ! the vision’s lucid ray
The break of morn had chased away ;
Confused I raised my trembl’ing head,
Grieved that the pleasing dream had fled !

The scene so blest oh ! could’st thou see
Or I describe it true to thee,
United we should strive to gain
The bounties of that kingly reign :
I wish the passage safe and free
To all I love, but most to thee !
And that the ties that bind us here,
When there, may prove more firm and dear.

REGRETS OF A YOUNG LADY,

WHOSE UNEXPECTED LOSS OF FORTUNE DEPRIVES OF HER LOVER.

O HAPPY days, when youthful fancy caught
 The fond idea, that pleasures were to last —
 Now mournful change, by sad experience taught
 To look with rapture only on the past !
 O days, when rosy love, too sweetly smiled,
 For treacherous that winning smile did prove,
 'Twas not the gaudy scenes of life beguiled,
 Ah no ! this heart bleeds but for slighted love.

Oft has false Edwin called my form divine,
 When costly jewels lent their spendid ray ;
 Would that his heart did more resemble mine,
 The smother'd sighs, within my bosom, say.
 But I've a jewel left the world shall see,
 Which love, nor wealth, shall force from out my arms ;
 Oh ! innocence, thou more than life to me,
 I'm still array'd, and lovely, in thy charms !

TO A SNOWDROP.

FIRST to greet returning Spring,
For thee I tune my lyric string ;
Just above the frosty earth,
Let me hail thy welcome birth !
Soon thy vestal bloom shall show
Purity may dwell below ;
Innocence in spotless charms
Oft may suffer rude alarms. —
So the northern blast to thee
Proves a jealous enemy :
May'st thou 'scape its chilling power
And the hail's oppressive shower,
Ever blooming in the sun,
Flourish till thy course is run !

THE WILLOW.

WRITTEN AT SEEND, WILTS, NOVEMBER, 1826.

DROOPING willow, as thou lavest
 In the streamlet, flowing nigh ;
 Strong resemblance then thou gavest
 How life's pleasures hasten by !

Thou it seems would oft solace thee,
 Oft the fresh'ning current taste ;
 Scarce its sparkling waves embrace thee,
 E'er they flow, with double haste !

As thou weeping, bendest over,
 As thou sighest to the wind —
 Musing, I with pain discover
 Emblem fit of human kind !

They, like thee, are vainly trying
 Life's fleet pleasures to controul ;
 Joy in mock'ry quicker flying
 Drooping leaves the sick'ning soul !

Thou, like them, in sighs complainest
 Unsubdued to fate's stern will ;
 They, like thee, for thou remainest
 Striving, weeping, drooping still !

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

PERHAPS that solemn time draws nigh,
 When thou my heart must beat no more ,
 And the dread mandate from on high
 Proclaim the day of grace is o'er !

Great Lord ! prepare me for that hour,
 Mark how my throbbing pulses beat :
 I faint beneath thine awful power,
 Nerveless, sink down at mercy's seat !

Bid thou my drooping spirit find
 That hope, that confidence in Thee ;
 That only here can sooth my mind,
 Or bless me in eternity !

BEAUTY, FAITH, AND DUTY.

WRITTEN AT BATH, NOVEMBER, 1822.

ALL must fade of earthly beauty
 Like the flow'rets of the field,
 But the graces, Faith and Duty,
 More than mortal bloom shall yield !
 Strike the harp of dulcet string,
 Sound the lay that changes never,
 Beauty is a fading thing,
 Faith and Duty bloom for ever !

Daughters fair, of fairest EVE,
 Prize not highly mortal beauty ;
 Much, ah ! much, we must believe
 Fled when she was false to duty !
 Innocence that brightest charm
 Lost its heavenly beaming ray,
 We, that mourn the cruel harm,
 Feel that earthly charms decay !

Yet we may the loss repair,
 Again exult in beauties prime,
 Shining more angelic fair,
 Far beyond the reach of time !
 Strike once more the golden string,
 Sound the lay that changes never,
 Beauty, here a fading thing,
 Won by Duty, blooms for ever !

STANZA.

I THINK of times and pleasures too
 Around my heart entwining,
 Brilliant as morning's early dew
 To sunny rays soft shining !
 But, as when wand'ring footsteps stray
 And heedless brush the dew away,
 So have I found, as years have flown
 My hopes were chased, and to my view
 Have press'd, too rudely, griefs unknown
 In former years, now sadly true —
 And thus in unavailing tears
 I mourn the joys of former years !

HOW CHANGEFUL ALL THINGS BE.

OH ! wherefore should some feelings be
 So sad, and yet so sweet,
 And wherefore should warm tears be shed,
 When kindest hearts do meet ?

And wherefore blooms the beauteous rose
 Upon the thorny tree ?
 To teach this lesson as it grows,
 “ How changeful all things be ! ”

Ah ! few can pluck that lovely flower
 Uninjured by the thorn ;
 And few can enter pleasure's bower
 And not return to mourn !

'Tis transient all ! our joys and fears
 Alternate fill the breast ;
 Thus pass we through this vale of tears,
 In heaven alone is rest !

ON THE NATIVITY OF OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR.

WRITTEN IN 1823.

Now take my Muse, a higher flight and tell
 The glories of that heavenly love, that
 Caused our great Redeemer to descend from
 Blissful mansions, where he reign'd adored.

Assist me Blessed Spirits, that with joy
 Behold the face of him in heaven, whom
 To behold with joy, is bliss, and peace, and
 Everlasting rest, — assist me grace divine
 To spread the mighty tale! Hail blest Nativity!
 Hail glorious birth, most humble, yet most high!
 What, tho' the earth expected not its Lord,
 What, tho' no regal splendour was prepared,
 Yet how surpassing was the pomp of that
 Great hour, when Bethlehem's lowly stable
 Shone with brightest beams, tho' veil'd in
 Human flesh, the Godhead lay. The heavens
 “Declared the high glory of the Lord,” and
 Wondering angels sung the choral strain,

And spread the tidings of "good will to men."
 Shepherds heard the lay, their flocks attending,
 In the solemn hours of night, and whilst their
 Hearts believed the heavenly news, their feet
 With ready zeal prepared to tread the
 Holy path, that led them to their God. Oh!
 Would the shepherds now, as joyful tread, the
 Peaceful road, how happy for their straying
 Flocks, and Oh ! ye wretched sheep, if ye alone
 Fed on the wholesome food, that the good pastors
 Give, nor wander'd from the fold, how might ye
 Live to bless this birth divine !

Now had the Virgin mother, in her arms,
 Embraced her heavenly charge, and wond'ring
 Gazed upon that infant face, before which
 " Every knee in heaven and earth shall bow."
 And could a stable's walls, such dignity
 Enclose ? mysterious truth ! which not the
 Keenest malice of the infidel shall
 Make to fail, no, it shall be the joyful
 Boast of thousands ; thousands innumerable,
 Live but in his smile ! but with that smile,
 They live for ever !

Behold the manger ! picture thus the scene.
 Jesus ? the lowly Jesus then, in peaceful
 Sleep, whilst angels watch'd around, his parents
 Kneeling, joined in fervent prayer, and
 Grateful hymns of praise, Heaven opening beam'd
 Immortal love, and rays of light and odours
 Sweet, filled all the circling air !
 The dewy eve led on the deep'ning shades
 Of night, when in the east, a radiant star
 Appeared, which wise men saw, and knew as the
 Great sign of their deliverance. The pole star
 Of Redemption guiding safe all those who
 Sought the Saviour of mankind, such was the
 Wisdom even heathens shew'd ! Oh ! hide
 Diminish'd and for ever hide your heads,
 Ye, who amidst the glorious blaze of light
 Divine, cannot discern that the true son of
 Righteousness is risen, with healing wings,
 But wander still in darkness and the maze
 Of error, — can ye be saved, who will not
 To the gospel's peaceful call, attend ?
 “ Come unto me all ye, that labour and
 Are weary, and I will give you rest — ”
 Can ye be saved by him, who wills to all

Salvation, if not opposed by pride —
 Who proudly say, we will not have him, for
 Our king, we will not fight his battles, nor
 Display that faith and love, he came from
 Heaven to teach ?

But Oh ! to you, who love his holy ways,
 And tread the sacred paths of righteousness,
 How welcome is the sweet angelic strain —
 “ Glory to God on high,” for unto man
 Is proffer’d peace, and reconciliation,
 Which shall raise them to those heavenly courts ;
 There with joy, unspeakable to sing
 “ Glory O God to thee, and to the Lamb
 All praise be given, all power and honour
 As is most just for ever,” whilst all
 Created beings ! chant “ Amen !”

LINES

COMPOSED ON THE EFFECTS OF THE HIGH WINDS, ON THE
 31ST OF AUGUST, ON THE TWO BEAUTIFUL WILLOW TREES,
 IN FRONT OF MRS. WAKEHAM'S HOUSE, BOCKING, ESSEX.

WRITTEN IN 1833.

YE stately willows, that with graceful sweep
 Once spread your branches o'er the path beneath,
 Oft in my rural walks, ye have seem'd to me
 The sylvan guardians of that neat abode,
 Whose fair white front, like vestal purity,
 Would shrink from the rude gaze of public road !
 Oft at the evening hour, my footsteps wending
 When to the twilight breeze, your light boughs bending
 In whispers soft, as vows of secret love
 Stole on my list'ning ear, in music from above !

But ye are changed since last I roam'd this way,
 Torn by the tempest's desolating sway, —
 Ye stand fair trees, the victims of its power
 And I could mourn your ruin with a sigh,
 And blame with hasty zeal the hapless hour
 That rent your slender branches from on high —
 But as ye bend so gentle to the wind
 Ye teach a useful lesson now to me,
 Like two fair mourners, patient and resign'd
 Ye bear submissively your destiny !

But not alone your ruin grieves my eye,
 As pensively I wander down the hill,
 Alike in desolation, I espy
 The tott'ring fragments of yon ancient mill !
 Not to the ruthless storm, it sinks a prey,
 But man's more stern dominion to obey :
 No more its broad white sails appearing,
 With sunbeams tipt so gay and cheering,
 Shall grace the fertile scene, and catch the gale,
 That now shall blow resistless o'er the vale !

Such changes mark thy paces, awful Time !
 Man blossoms for awhile in vernal prime,
 How soon to fade, how soon to pass away —
 I too may learn from the white tombstone's lore
 That near their monitory lines display,
 And warning speak from those who've gone before !
 If to instruction's voice attending,
 If to our crosses meekly bending —
 'Twill smoothe the terrors of that final hour,
 When Time, e'en Time must yield his sovereign power !

WRITTEN IN 1834.

OH ! saw ye the bloom on that cheek once so pale —
 Oh ! heard ye the breath of that heart-heaved sigh,
 When the proffer of love, of his love ne'er to fail,
 Was laid at her feet, by his soul-speaking eye ?

Oh ! twine a fair wreath of flow'rets most bright,
 And sound softest lays, of the minstrel most sweet,
 For the brave has return'd from the conquest of right,
 And laid his proud laurels at young beauty's feet !

TO MY YOUNG FRIEND D. W.,
ON HER APPROACHING NUPTIALS. — WRITTEN IN 1834.

OH ! could I from Acadia's bowers
Gather never fading flowers,
Then would I twine a wreath for thee
Form'd in sweetest imag'ry !

There should bloom a rose, more fair
Than ere was bound in beauty's hair,
And the woodbine's scent should bring
To thy mind eternal Spring !

Then the stately lily pale,
And her nursling of the vale,
Should spread their vestal blooms for thee,
Emblems of thy purity !

Colours of the rainbow's dyes
Perfect both in form and size,
Every kind of bright heartsease,
I would bring thy taste to please !

Orange flowers that show around
 The happy prospects of thy lot,
 But closely twined there should be found
 The little blue Forget-me-not !

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

WHAT, while on this earth, is given
 To purify for realms above,
 Earnest of the joys of heaven ?
 'Tis harmony, in wedded love !

When in both hearts the same impression's made
 By life's events, in each revolving day,
 As one to meet its chill and blighting shade,
 As one receive its soul enliv'ning ray ;
 Like as the streamlets from mountains that flow
 Find in the ravine's deep hollow their rest,
 So should the feelings of weal or of woe
 Mingle their course in the conjugal breast.

Thus when two souls in love's bond united
 Breathe at the altar the vows that make one,
 How pure and how holy the flame that is lighted,
 It shines in its sphere as the rays of the sun !
 As the loadstone's attraction, so true is its power,
 As the chain of the adamant, firm to control ;
 It breaks into life, like that night-blowing flower,
 That blooms forth in darkness, to cheer and console !

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND,
 WHO SUGGESTED FOR THE SUBJECT "THE FORGET-ME-NOT" PLANTED
 BY MADAME BERTRAND ON THE TOMB OF BUONAPARTE.

AND art thou ! planted on the tomb
 Of One who caused such mortal strife,
 And shall thy little flow'rets bloom
 As epitaph on human life ?

Art thou ! to speak the voice of Fame,
 And has it fallen to his lot,
 His deeds, his fortune, and his name
 Needs thee to say, " Forget-me-not : "

Oh ! weeding wild, thy lesson's great,
 Oh ! human hopes, how low ye bend !
 Ambition, pomp, and power and state —
 And is it thus ! your glories end ?

Ambition, pomp, and worldly state
 Riches and power, and hopes below —
 Ye die, beneath the stroke of fate
 Virtue alone, survives the blow !

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF THE INTERMENT OF THE LATE

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P. R. A.

THOU art borne to the tomb in the height of thy fame,
 And the Arts thou hast loved shall preserve thy bright name ;
 But genius and merit and virtue like thine
 Are fitted with more than one lustre to shine.

Thus the works of thy hand shall, as ages pass by,
 Be valued and honour'd and prized as most due,
 But the deeds of thy heart have ascended on high,
 To receive the reward that the righteous pursue.

A PORTRAIT.

ADDRESSED TO MY SISTER.

I'VE mark'd thy mild, and placid look,
Thy upraised eyes so soft and clear ;
And there I've read, as in a book,
The sentiments to virtue dear !

When thou seem'st lost in thought profound,
And half dismiss'd thy radiant smile ;
Still in its absence may be found
An all subduing grace, the while.

Thy face to native feeling true,
Presents an index of thy mind ;
As in a glass, it gives to view
Virtue and loveliness combined.

TO MY BROTHER'S IVORY FLUTE,

LEFT AT HOME, DURING A LONG ABSENCE.

AND thou dost not complain, I see,
 Although forsaken, sad, and lone,
 Though skill'd in sweetest minstrelsy,
 To breathe a soft and plaintive moan.

Like as still waters are most deep,
 And real griefs most secret be ;
 So thou in silence, lov'st to weep
 Thy Master's absence now with me !

But when again thy silver keys
 Shall sound responsive to his lays,
 Shall sounds of harmony, and ease
 Succeed these long, and gloomy days !

And then O sad, and mournful Flute !
 Thy silent griefs, all changed shall be ;
 Thy strains of joy, no longer mute
 Shall sound a welcome then with me !

TO MY BROTHER,

FROM WHOM I RECEIVED A BIRTH-DAY PRESENT OF A WATCH.

AFFECTION'S gift I prize most dear,
 And more than treasures of the mine ;
 The wishes of a heart sincere,
 And such I know and feel are thine !

And ever shall that heart so kind
 Be valued more and more by me ;
 The tribute of a grateful mind
 Is mine to give and due to thee !

That mind would frame a joyful lay,
 Would bid each scene of pleasure shine,
 To celebrate thy natal day,
 To realize each hope of thine.

May every wish thou hast on earth,
 And more than thou canst hope be given !
 Yet still thy virtuous deeds and worth
 Await their high reward in Heaven !

WRITTEN
ON RETURNING FROM ST. EDMUND'S BURY,
SUFFOLK.

IN Bury's town 'tis very well
In Summer months awhile to dwell,
The walks are pleasant all around,
And peace and plenty to be found.

I'll tell you how we managed there,
And saved ourselves both time and care. —
First having a neat lodging hired,
With bed-rooms, parlours as required,
A little garden too to walk in,
When tired of reading, working, talking ;
About the meals was then the pother,
And each gazed earnest at the other ;
When they explain'd they did not cook,
It caused a most dejected look ;
Our very hearts did then misgive us,
Not having brought our own Cook with us ;
So dining seem'd a doubtful thing,
Until we heard of Mistress KING,

Who kept the Greyhound with renown,
A famous Inn in that fair town —
That she would send us dinners home,
Quite fit to please the Pope of Rome :
With this good news, we thither hied us,
Where she, good lady, soon espied us ;
The terms were soon arranged and we
Went next I think to purchase tea,
And order bread and butter too,
And such like things we had to do.
Perchance a gentle walk we took,
And from the Library chose a book ;
Then home returning, where we find
All was arranged unto our mind.
The cloth was white and neatly laid,
And all things else in order made,
That we might have our dinner soon
And spend a pleasant afternoon.
Now Monsieur Boots make haste, I pray,
We have brave appetites to day ;
The air is fresh and pure and fine,
And makes us full disposed to dine,
And I believe the finest view
Would fail to please like sight of you.

Papa says, " Fred, go to the door,"
 And see what you can there explore.
 A cheerful voice our ears soon greet,
 " Pa! Boots is coming down the street!"
 Then in he pops with tray in hand,
 And puts it firmly on the stand,
 Then having drawn the baize away
 We see no more of him that day :
 The dishes then in order placed,
 Our persons soon the table graced ;
 Then we were anxious to discover
 What might be underneath each cover.
 The first took off we soon espy
 A nice hot smoking pigeon-pie ;
 " Come, this looks well now let's begin,
 I think they've put four pigeons in ;
 The crust is good, it does appear,
 We might have had worse luck my dear.
 Now make a hearty dinner Fred."
 " Mamma! I want a piece of bread?"
 " Well, there it is you need not rise.
 Lo! I declare they've sent two pies.
 I think it's apple, it looks nice ;
 Well, we'll explore it in a trice."

Now ring the bell,— the plates are changed,
And the last course in order ranged ;
But how shall I in praises meet
Describe the tarts we had to eat,
They were so nice, that I remember
We stay'd quite into bleak November ;
But then so cold it had become
It made us think of posting home.
And now my verse is near the end
What is amiss, I pray you mend ;
We were well pleased with everything,
And truly say “ long live *our* KING.”

TAKING THE VEIL.

THE gay procession, and the pompous show
 May please the thoughtless mind ; but who with
 Generous feelings, can behold the blooming
 Virgin in her youthful charms, unmoved ;
 The sumptuous robe, and crown of flowers
 Sometimes, but ill conceal a weight of cares, —
 But let us to the convent, and behold
 The closing scene.

Now the young Novice, in her vestal tire,
 Ascends with solemn pace, the sacred steps,
 And trembling breathes her faint, half drawn consent,
 While rising tears, bedew each sparkling eye ;
 For yet, her young heart, dwells upon a Father's
 Fondness ; and her gentle bosom, heaves at
 Her dear Mother's tears ; and Sister's sad farewell.
 Affection sweet, and all its kindred ties
 Now agonize her mind, " arrest her faith,"
 And chain her to the earth !

She to the altar turns her swimming eyes,
 A misty cloud obscures its glories bright,
 Raised by her soft regrets, and apathy
 Seems dead'ning all the fervent zeal, so wont
 To kindle there — confounded she reclines
 Her drooping head, when lo ! upon her ear
 The soothing sound of choral hymn breaks sweet !
 And now an holy fervour steals upon
 Her mind, and animates each beauteous
 Feature ! then she no more with timid glance
 Surveys her parting friends, for heavenly hope
 Has open'd wide its portals, where she sees
 Celestial joy, and everlasting bliss !
 And she has gained the porch ;

Her lips, no longer tremulous, pronounce
 Her vows, — her eyes, no longer tearful, take
 Their last gaze, no kindred ties, nor parting
 Friends, nor earthly cares, disturb her mind, but
 With a steady hand, she lifts the curtain,
 A willing sacrifice, — a flower entomb'd,
 She's gone — sweet maid, may happiness be thine !

A ROSE HAD ESCAPED !

A ROSE had escaped, from the chaplet so fair,
My dear JULIA had wreath'd for her bright flowing hair,
I caught it up quick, lest the earth, should profane,
A flow'ret I sought, to replace there again !

“ Ah no ! ” said the fair one “ ah no ! let it be ;
Why should I recal, what has wander'd from me,
Beside it may wound me, the rose has a thorn,”
And her dark eyes flash'd wildly a proud look of scorn !

Oh ! do not upbraid me, I said with a sigh,
Can I bear such a glance from that soul-searching eye ;
If my absence has pained thee, no more will I roam,
One thought of thy love, brought the wanderer home.
Our hearts are united, then dearest be mine,
And the rose, that is thornless, thy brows shall entwine !

I accept of thy love, though thy pledge is but vain,
For no rose, that is thornless, grows here on the plain,

But a flower, far more humble, pray bring if you please,
 And place in my garland — the bonny heartsease ?
 Beneath its mild influence — and bright tint of blue
 The vows that are spoken — should ever prove true !

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF MY DEAR FRIEND MRS. SMITH
 OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

WHEN Roman dames, with stately pride,
 Their spendid trinkets brought to view —
 The fair CORNELIA eager cried,
 “ But I must shew my treasures too —

Your golden chains, are rich and rare,
 Your diamonds fit for monarch's brow ;
 But I have jewels, will compare
 With all I see before me now.”

Thus having said, she bent her way
 Not to her caskets costly worth,
 But the dear place — where fresh, and gay,
 Where — centred all her pride on earth !

Her children held her heart entire,
 Her crowns of hope, her chains of gold !
 And these she brought in simple tire,
 For Rome's proud matrons to behold !

She caught them, with a mother's joy,
 To her fond arms, and quickly sprung
 To show her loved, her darling boy,
 Who on her bosom graceful hung !

Led in her hand, with equal pride,
 Her daughter's charms, where brought to view : —
 " Make room for me," she gaily cried,
 " My jewels I present to you !"

Each matron felt herself reproved,
 And blush'd amidst her costly store,
 As fair CORNELIA stately moved
 Majestic o'er the gem-strewn floor !

Had'st thou, my friend, been present there,
 The palm, with her, thou would'st have shared ;
 Like hers, have proved maternal care,
 With hers, thy treasures too compared.

ALONZO AND ALMENA.

A FRAGMENT.

ON that rude bank, Oh slumber not,
 'Twere an unhallow'd couch for thee, —
 I'll seek thee love, a calmer spot,
 Beneath the shade of friendly tree;

Whose verdant arms, spread wide around,
 Shall shelter from the noontide heat;
 And conjure gentle visions round,
 To soothe thee, in thy cool retreat!

There should'st thou rest from woes awhile,
 Well pleased, thy wistful guard I'll be, —
 Too well repaid, if one sweet smile
 Approves my watchful care of thee!

Nay, dear ALONZO, say not so,
 Thy wound, thy wasted strength denies
 That I should rest awhile from woe,
 Or close in sleep these tearful eyes.

Forgive that I should cloud thy way,
 My feeble frame, unnerved my will,
 A weary faintness pass'd away,
 Leaves thee, thy fond ALMENA still.

And think'st thou, I will rest this frame,
 And leave thy wounds undrest to bleed ;
 Then were my love a powerless name,
 And woman's aid, were weak indeed !

For England's Lord, what duty wrought
 In his fair Queen, his faithful wife,
 She suck'd his wounds, with poison fraught,
 Nor shrunk from death, to give him life !

And shall a high born Spanish maid,
 Sink 'neath the task high duties claim ?
 She droop'd, and faint, her hand was laid
 In his, — she dying breath'd his name !

TO A WILD DAISY,

GROWING ON A GREEN BANK, WHERE I SAT TO REST.

COME, simple Daisy, I can see
 Amid thy charms humility,
 And cloth'd in that, thou'rt dear to me,
 Though lone and wild ;

Thy fringy curtains oft are spread
 To veil thy unassuming head,
 As blooming on thy grassy bed,
 Sweet Nature's child !

Thy meek and humble look I prize,
 Beyond the glittering, gaudy dyes,
 That from gay garden flow'rets rise
 In rich parterres.

Thine is the form that Nature gave,
 Thou art not turn'd proud fashion's slave,
 But ease and freedom thou can'st have,
 Which is not theirs.

Thou in thy first estate I see !
Still in thy native purity ;
Why, dost thou bring sad thoughts for me,
To dwell upon ?

Oh ! would mankind like thee could show
No change, since planted here below ;
With peace, and innocence to grow,
But these are gone !

And thou, poor simple weed ! that art
Of Nature's works, the meanest part ;
Tis thine, to shoot this pointed dart,
And make me sigh !

For though thou liv'st so calm, and free,
A mournful change, thou'rt doom'd to see,
Child of earth-born mortality,
Yes, thou must die !

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

PAIN and Pleasure, on a day,
 Met upon a crowded way ;
 Pleasure look'd surprised and said,
 I little thought that thou wast near
 Thy path in other tracks is laid,
 I claim the sole dominion here !

Pain replying, faintly smiled,
 Thou art not always right, fair child,
 Nor right the paths thou lov'st to go :
 (Or I should not so often be)
 Appointed my stern pow'r to show,
 A dreaded monitress to thee !

Keep the bounds, and keep the way,
 Where thou may'st innocently stray, —
 Nor fear reproof, nor meet with Pain ;
 But now beyond, thou'rt doom'd to feel
 Thy love of empire, fond and vain,
 And punishment to work thy weal.

Pleasure seem'd in haste to fly,
 But Pain still kept a watchful eye,
 And seizing the fair hand, that press'd
 The many colour'd robe around,
 In which this fairy form was dress'd,
 She chain'd her captive to the ground!

Then the roses seem'd to fade,
 And Pleasure look'd a dying maid,
 As one would think to rise no more :
 But Pain ere long released her prey,
 And Pleasure wiser than before
 With cautious steps pursued her way.

AN HOUR'S REFLECTION BEFORE SLEEP.

1831.

WHEN to earth, my thoughts are bending
 How the earth contracts my mind ;
 But when upward they're ascending
 What enlargements then I find.

Earth attracts my mortal part,
 Kindred to unhallow'd dust ;
 Trifling pleasures fill my heart —
 To a shadow then I trust !

All my joys, are like a vapour
 Rising, on a Summer's eve ;
 Or the glimmering of a taper
 Dimly shining, to deceive !

Mists in Summer's evening rising
 Bespeak, we think, the morrow fine, —
 Morning comes, which we were prizing,
 Not a ray of sun will shine !

Such the hopes and such the pleasures
 That our worldly minds can please ;
 Like to long expected treasures,
 Shipwreck'd in tumultuous seas !

But, when my soul, its upward flight
 Seeks with buoyant wings to soar ;
 Cloudless scenes of glory bright
 Lie before me to explore !

All is wond'rous, vast, and new,
 All is happy, calm, and pure ;
 He, that's holy, just and true,
 Made them endless to endure !

Still my mortal part is leaning,
 Leaning to its kindred clay !
 All my resolutions weaning
 Chasing better thoughts away !

And such I fear will be the strife,
 Such the conflict, I must know ;
 Whilst I breathe this mortal life,
 Whilst I'm tied to scenes below !

But I may not wish to end it
 For another unprepared ;
 Grant me grace, O Lord ! to mend it,
 For this blessing be it spared !

Lead me wheresoe'er I should go
 Let thy glory be my aim ;
 Teach me all a christian should know
 Let me magnify Thy name.

Then to earth no longer prone,
When my soul, shall wing its way —
A joyful suppliant at thy throne,
My father's summons, pleased obey !

LINES

TO MY BROTHER ON HIS BIRTH DAY, 18TH JUNE, 1832, NOT HAVING RECEIVED ANY ON MINE, THE 14TH, AS WAS USUAL ON THAT DAY.

I WALK'D along a winding path,
Near to a river's side ;
And soon I espied a little bark
Was floating with the tide !

And Oh ! within, I saw from land,
A little fairy sprite,
Who held an oar in either hand
And tugg'd with all its might !

But not a bit, the boat inclined
To the tiny elfin's skill,
But rather seemed contrariwise,
To glide against its will !

And soon the little fairy grew
 Fatigued with toil, and warm,
 The sky had lost its brightness too,
 And threaten'd with a storm!

Then quick the fairy call'd to me
 At the water's edge to stand,
 And try if I could useful be
 To draw the boat to land!

How can I aid? I laughing said,
 Without I swim to thee?
 When soon I 'spied an ivory ball,
 Which the fairy threw to me!

A silken cord was fix'd thereto,
 The Fairy held one end;
 And bade me pull, as the wind then blew,
 And try if the boat would wend;

I drew the boat therewith to shore,
 And all seem'd right and well;
 But what the fairy said before,
 I do not mean to tell!

It vanish'd then, for I no more
Its tiny form did see ;
But soon I found a written scroll,
As a parting gift, to me ?

I caught it up, with quick surprise,
To read the fairy's boon ;
The words were these, " remember well
The eighteenth day of June !"

I cast it back in scornful pride
Such sauciness to see !
Not having drank of Lethe's tide,
What was its use to me ?

With joy ! I greet this welcome day,
Much joy ! I wish to thee !
And when this month returns again
Some pretty lines for me !

Then sought I for a simple flower,
That grew in that fair spot,
To rear it in my summer bower,
The sweet " Forget me not !"

ANTICIPATION.

Musing on life, and its swift passing hours,
I sat me on the green bank's sloping side ;
And pluck'd with careless hand the wild thyme flowers,
Casting them on the slow receding tide ;
Then, as they glided gently from the shore,
I sigh'd to think their sweetness now was o'er !

And thus it is in heedless youth, I thought,
Thankless we throw our blossom'd pleasures by,
Expecting future seasons will be fraught
With fairer fruit than that which meets the eye !
Delusive view, that makes the present time
Subservient to some only fancied prime.

Ah me ! too soon the dawn of life to cheat
How steady doth ungentle counsel tell,
The many trials, we must surely meet,
Before life's onward path is shapen well.
Hardhearted thus, those happy dreams to chase,
That fill the youthful mind and light the smiling face !

And when some years have added to the store,
 The little store of knowledge, we can claim, —
 The mind still eager, hastens to explore
 The hopes of other seasons that remain :
 O'erlooking present joys, it revels there
 Rich in expected bliss, and castles in the air !

Yet expectation, wherefore should'st thou be
 A bait to rob us of contentment's calm,
 And yet the solace oft of misery,
 Of many a weary hour, the treasured balm,
 Shooting fair blossoms, lovely to the eye,
 Yet shading many a sweet that blooms more nigh.

Thy birth is earthly, or thou could'st not be
 So changeable, yet seem so passing fair —
 I'll not pursue thee, thou shalt be to me
 A stranger in thy visits, short and rare —
 Yet sometimes welcome, — and I'll press thy stay
 When present comforts really haste away !

ON BURYING A FAVOURITE CANARY BIRD,

CALLED MINNY.

YES MINNY o'er thy grave a tear
 Shall fall, in token of thy worth ;
 And though no kindred blood is near,
 Unmourn'd thou shalt not sink to earth !

Of manners gentle and refined,
 Thy cheerful notes were tuned with glee ;
 And summer birds will bring to mind,
 How oft we've heard a song from thee !

No more to hear that simple lay,
 No more thy sprightly form to see,
 Draws forth a sigh, while thus I pay
 Funereal honours due to thee.

Thy name, thy name, my little bird,
 Was one of fondness and of fame ;
 A noble's daughter,* I have heard,
 Would gaily answer to the same !

* The Lady Emily Cooper, now Lady Ashley.

And she is fair, my birdy dear,
 And sought by lords of high degree ;
 Oh ! may her days, be happy here,
 Like thine from care and sorrow free !

And now farewell, one last adieu !
 That sad, sad word, in sorrow spoken,
 Shall close the rite, that gives thee to
 The earth, to rest in peace unbroken !

TO A MILESTONE, ON THE ROAD NEAR HOME.

THOU fair white stone, that givest to the view
 Of weary travellers, as they journey by,
 How many miles, their steps must yet pursue
 Ere they shall meet a town, or hamlet nigh.
 How many greet thee, with a heavy sigh,
 And think the distance length'ning as they go,
 Whilst I behold thee, with a joyful eye
 And willing haste transports me, where I know
 The arms of friendship open at my sight,
 And smiles of welcome greet me with delight !

LINES

COMPOSED ON MY BIRTHDAY, JUNE 14TH 1832.

THIS day's return again I meet,
And all seems fresh and fair ;
Affection's smiles from friends to greet,
With looks so kind, and words so sweet
They bid me banish Care !

What think'st thou, Care, of this request ?
Perchance thou'lt say " pray laugh and jest,"
Exulting in thy secret power ;
Thy wide control, though born of earth,
To check the flow of social mirth,
And cloud the festive hour !

Yes, all are doom'd thy power to feel,
The lovely rose is thrall'd by thee !
Why mourn I then thy power o'er me,
Nor seek thy rankling wounds to heal ?
I bid thee go, — away, away,
Consent to leave me half this day !

Then will I plot against thy reign —
 Contest thy coming back again !
 An Arm of strength shall be my shield,
 Before whose sway, all power must yield,
 And when I sigh oppress'd by thee,
 That Arm shall give me victory !

HYMN COMPOSED DURING ILLNESS.

THE LAST VERSE ADDED AFTER GETTING BETTER.

WRITTEN JUNE, 1830.

KING of glory, Lord of life,
 Listen to my trembling prayer ;
 Save me from the shame and strife
 Unrepenting sinners bear !

Let me deeply, deeply feel
 The mighty guilt of slighting thee ;
 Then my anxious sorrows heal,
 Pity, spare, and pardon me !

Prostrate lowly from the dust,
 For thy mercy, hear me cry ;
 There fix firmly, Lord ! my trust,
 Step by step to mount on high !

As scentless leaves fall to the ground,
 So let my sins be scatter'd too :
 Since for them a ransom's found,
 The debt is paid and Heaven in view !

At thy call I enter in,
 Free'd from every pain and sin :
 At thy bidding here remain,
 Still to fall and sin again ;

Lord ! thou see'est what is best,
 Let thy sacred will be done !
 Should it call me to my rest,
 Or this mortal life prolong !

Glory, glory be to Thee !
 Thou hast gracious been to me !
 Thou hast raised me again,
 Evermore my faith sustain !

ON SENTIMENTAL FEELING.

WHAT if soft feeling overflow my heart,
And force sad tears in anguish from my eyes ;
I would not yield the pleasure with the smart,
That sacred pleasure which it oft supplies !

No it assures me, I've a soul within,
Whose destinies outlive this world of care ;
Whose trials are the penalty of sin,
Its victories, the paths of virtue fair !

I would not be that listless, senseless thing,
Cold to the hallow'd touch of its vibrating string,
To gain some hours of peace, of wearying rest,
Unheeded in the throng of souls more blest —

Unlocked in social ties with minds that give
A charm refined, and teach that healing art,
Beneficently kind to all that live,
The sweetly soothing balm of friendship to the heart.

Then leave me not, though source of keenest pain,
 Thy tortures, I will patient learn to bear,
 Convinced thou art my shield, my guide, my gain,
 Thenceforth I will not shrink to wear thy chain !

RETROSPECTION.

WHERE are the days, when hope was held in thrall,
 Where are the hours, when fancy's busy care
 Illumed each beauteous scene of life, and all
 Seem'd lively, happy,— and like virtue fair ?

Hush'd is the strain, that once, with cadence long,
 Gave to the hollow dell its echo clear !
 And hush'd the sweetly smooth prophetic song
 Now, to my mind, alas ! too sadly dear !

For oh ! I find, that years, as they pass by,
 Give to the wild harp's string a harsher note ;
 In vain I strike with trembling hand, and try
 To hear once more the strain of pleasure float.

THOUGHTS

ON THE ENDEAVOUR TO PROCURE SLEEP BY MEDICINE, AS ONLY
 CONFUSING THE MIND.—COMPOSED DURING THE NIGHT OF THE
 4TH OF FEBRUARY, 1837, AFTER HAVING TAKEN A NARCOTIC,
 BEING VERY DANGEROUSLY ILL.

FLY hence thou false dissembler, fly,
 I know thee not, and Oh ! I love thee not ;
 Thou art not balmy sleep, that I so crave
 To still the throbbing pulses of my fever'd brain ;
 But art produced by the deep skill of man
 From herb narcotic, or some anodyne,
 That gives to thousands the desired repose.

But for me, poor simple child of nature,
 No art can lure thee, gentle spirit from
 Thy dusky couch, to fold thy downy pinions
 Round, and lock me in thy soft embrace to rest !
 Far more the grassy slope, with fanning breeze
 Would rest my head, sooth'd by the pleasing sound
 Of streamlet nigh, soft murmuring o'er its
 Clear and pebbly bed, — these, these I sigh for,

But my wilder'd thoughts are hurried from the
 Calm they fain would seek, by wild fantastic
 Scenes, that mad my brain, and force e'en regal
 Reason from her throne. Ah ! me 'tis sad.

But this I could have borne ;
 But O Thou great all wise, all knowing One !
 Whose sacred name, I would not vainly speak,
 Thou knowest what more I suffer'd, when I seem'd
 To lose all sight of thee, and that celestial spark,
 Which thou didst breathe into my soul, seem'd to
 Become extinct, my immortality
 Annihilate ! and the poor worm of earth
 Sunk hopeless and forlorn ! O thought profane !
 I tremble while I write ! What can obscure
 Essence divine ? and that my mind assures me
 My mind is,—and thou Great God ! art the
 All ruling mind. All good, all powerful,
 Eternal Lord, of all thy creatures !
 And of countless worlds ! and seest and knowest
 What is best for all !

And thou didst view me
 In my lowly plight, and didst incline to mercy

And didst send peace,—peace, that none else could give,
 And none can take away. My God! I thank thee,
 Keep me ever thine!

TEACH ME, O LORD.

TEACH me, O Lord! upon thy shrine
 To lay this wandering heart of mine;
 Often it has wish'd to be,
 A free devoted gift to Thee!
 Then a contest would begin
 With folly, pleasure, and with sin!

Folly cries, awhile delay,
 Put it off another day!
 Fitter season there will be,
 To beg for grace and strength from Thee.
 I delay'd and folly's smile,
 Seem'd to mock me all the while!

Worldly pleasure spread its snare,
 Saying, “ for a while forbear,
 Come and bask in mirth’s gay smile,
 All thy cares it will beguile !”
 Then I enter’d in her train,
 But found her promise false and vain.

Sin would take another way, —
 Still its purpose was delay ;
 Raising many a doubt and fear
 “ Will God, indeed, so surely hear
 The prayers of such a one as thee,
 When thou hast been enslaved by me ?”

Teach me, O Lord ! these bonds to break,
 Set the feeble captive free !
 For thy loving mercy’s sake,
 Look upon and succour me !
 Guide, O guide me to thy shrine,
 Take this wandering heart of mine !

ON HER MAJESTY'S ACCESSION.

ARISE lovely daughter, fair floweret arise,
'Tis the voice of Britannia that calls thee to reign, —
She greets the young monarch ! with tears in her eyes,
She has wept in her sadness, the pride of the main !
Yes, the brave, the beloved, the kind and free-hearted,
Is call'd from this world to a far higher sphere !
She hails thee with joy, though she mourns the departed,
Thou fairest bright hope, to her bosom most dear !

Queen of fair Albion's Isle, Queen of the sea,
Long be thy people's smile incense to thee ;
Bless'd with health, wealth, and power,
Dearer each passing hour,
England's sweet budding flower,
Joy, joy to thee.

And now thou blest parent, thy deep anxious cares,
 May they reap the rich harvest thy wisdom has sown !
 May thy doubts and thy fears be all hush'd by the prayers,
 A free nation breathes forth, for thy loved on her throne !
 Then hail lovely daughter ! a mother's voice greets thee !
 Her fond arms are near, thy young heart to sustain,
 Will her own be upheld, when the multitude meets thee ?
 She must give thee to Britain ! to rule o'er the main.

Queen of fair Albion's Isle, Queen of the Sea !
 Long be thy people's smile grateful to thee !
 Bless'd with health, wealth, and power,
 Dearer each passing hour,
 England's sweet regal flower,
 Joy, joy to thee.

WRITTEN AT BRUSSELS,

AFTER MY SEVERE AND MELANCHOLY BEREAVEMENT.

NOVEMBER, 1838.

EACH passing hour, my Son, I think on thee,
And my bright hopes all buried in thy tomb,
In vain I struggle with my misery,
What now on earth can chase away my gloom ?

How sad, alas ! how desolate is home,
Now thy loved presence glads it not to me,
Where'er I turn my eyes, in every room
Objects awaken deepest grief for thee.

When on the ocean's wave, I'm borne away
From scenes once loved, but now no longer dear,
I gaze dejected on the sea, and say
“ Seek I for pleasure, and thou art not here.”

When health seems borne upon the balmy gale,
 How oft it's welcomed with a tear by me ;
 Unthankful for the blessing, I bewail
 That such enjoyment was denied to thee.

My walks and rides, as they in turn succeed,
 But fix my mind on mournful ones with thee ;
 Again my heart is smote, again must bleed,
 Through the deep wounds of my pain'd memory.

Each morn's return the fatal truth I feel,
 That thou, dear Son, art not with me !
 Each night I bless thee as in prayer I kneel,
 Then water my sad couch with tears for thee.

When I behold in palaces of state
 Fine works of art, ah ! then I think on thee,
 And mourning weep, o'er thy too early fate,
 And sigh midst pleasures, for thou art not with me.

When on the plain,* where my dear country's arms
 Their standard rear'd, of fame and victory,
 Whilst musing o'er that scene of dire alarms,
 My chasten'd thoughts must still revert to thee.

* Waterloo.

Such bitter tears as British matrons shed,
 That made e'en victory seem too dearly won,
 As those fond mothers mourn'd their gallant dead,
 So mourn I now, for thee my only son.

Though thou wert not upon the field of fame,
 Though deeds of arms were not atchieved by thee,
 Though thou didst perish young, without a name,
 But what thy virtues must endear to me ;

'Twas mine, well pleased, to mark each mental grace,
 And manly feeling in thy bosom dwelt,
 Bright intellect adorn'd thy comely face,
 And all a mother's joy and hope I've felt.

So soon to fade, my loved one, thou art gone
 And I remain to deepest grief a prey,
 No more thy form these eyes shall look upon,
 Dearer by far to me — than light of day !

Yes, I could spare the glorious charm of sight,
 If thy loved voice might greet my listening ear,
 Each day might pass in darkness as the night
 If thou, beloved one, wert only near.

* * * * *

The world's vain joys, thou didst not make thine aim,
Thy gifted mind in science found delight,
In arts, it was thy hope to build a name,
And in the paths of duty, walk upright.

Beloved as thou wert, twas mine to see
Disease's progress mark thee for its prey,
And every hope that I possessed in thee,
My joy and pride, that stroke has rent away!

Yes, the fond hope that nature prompts is fled,
As time or sickness works my life's decay,
By thy dear arm and tender guidance led,
I deem'd those hours might gently steal away.

And the bright hope that ere death closed mine eyes
Thine offspring might have sported round my chair,
Yes, this dear thought, I suffer'd to arise,
Encreases now, my bosom's deep despair!

* * * * *

How oft in anguish have I watch'd thy bed,
 Striving to hide the woes that fill'd my breast,
 Invoking heavenly blessings on thy head
 In voiceless prayer,—that might not break thy rest.

Sad hours of anguish, as again ye pass
 In mournful train and deep stored memory,
 My treasured thoughts, for Oh ! I feel alas !
 My dearest pleasure's still to think on thee.

Sad hours of anguish, bitter though ye were —
 Yet mercy sweeten'd the last trying scene,
 For Heaven's eternal Lord had heard my prayer —
 Thou didst depart submissive and serene !

Oh ! then be calm — be still, rebellious heart !
 Each wild complaint, each murmuring thought be still —
 In deep affliction's school act well thy part,
 In silence bow to thy Creator's will.

TO L — B — WRITTEN DECEMBER, 1838.

As lovely Spring's first opening flower
 On Winter's sadness shining fair,
 Such dear LOUISE has been thy power —
 To sooth my bosom's care.

Thy tender kiss, thy fond embrace
 Were felt and valued dear by me,
 When thou hast sought the woes to chase
 Of my torn heart's deep agony.

And dearer still, thou wert to me
 Because thou didst my loved one know,
 And when I told my griefs to thee
 Thy sympathy could share my woe.

Yes, I have seen him smile on thee
 And think thee talented and fair,
 And thou hadst been a prize to me
 Had Heaven ordain'd ye for a pair.

Yes, born to please, young flow'ret live,
 Go taste the sweets of this life's charms;
 Should sorrow's cloud a shadow give,
 Hie thee for solace to these arms.

ADAPTED FROM SOME LINES BY A YOUNG FRIEND
ON THE LOSS OF HER MOTHER.

WRITTEN MARCH 8TH, 1839, THE FIRST SAD ANNIVERSARY OF HIS
BIRTH-DAY.

“ MY Son ! dear Son ! could'st thou but list to hear

“ And know the voice, that calls npon thee now,

“ E'en from the realms of bliss, thou'dst drop a tear,

“ Unmoved, thou could'st not look upon my woe !

“ Dear Son ! it nought avails me to reflect,

“ Hadst thou been spared, what then my life had been,

“ In every trial near me, to protect,

“ And oh ! far saddest this — I had not seen !

“ I look behind me, on the years gone by —

“ On pleasure's past, that ne'er can be again,

“ For thy dear self, and converse sweet, I sigh

“ From this dull void of misery and pain !

“ Ah why, so early, wert thou snatch'd away ?

“ My anxious prayers, why did they not avail ?

“ No hope remains to gild with cheerful ray

“ My future progress, through life's dreary vale ; — ”

But oh, my Son ! with thy dear voice to cheer me,

I deem'd I could sustain each coming ill ;

In sickness, how I loved to have thee near me,

For every duty then thou didst fulfill !

I seem composed, — but what my heart has felt

Is known unto myself and God alone, —

May He, whose will the bitter cup has dealt,

Look down in mercy, on me, from his throne.

“ These lines are due, — yes, due to thy high worth,

“ Thy Mother could not bear, thy name should be,

“ As if, thou hadst not lived upon the earth,

“ The fondest tie — to bless her destiny !

“ That tie remains ! 'tis not for death to sever, —

“ A Mother's love is lasting, as the Sun !

“ In trial firm — unchangeable for ever,

“ To live like love divine ! from whence it sprung.

“ Yes! it remains — for when I kneel in prayer,
 “ I beg the Almighty’s blessing still for thee,
 “ Yes! thou wilt ever claim my tenderest care,
 “ Through mortal life — and immortality !”

CORRODING GRIEF.

1839.

CORRODING grief, thou art to me
 The canker worm that may not die ;
 That will not part society,
 But festering in my bosom lie !

There a deep wound is form’d by thee,
 It will not heal, vain, vain all cure —
 Dread herald of mortality
 That sting is pointed, barb’d and sure !

ALONE IN SECRET.

1839.

ALONE in secret, where no eye can see,
 There dearest Son, I pour my griefs for thee !
 Alas ! no one can aid me. To complain
 To the cold world, how useless, and how vain ;
 Yet this sad heart, where joy no more can dwell,
 Bleeds with keen anguish in its secret cell !

All my bright hopes, where are they ? buried deep,
 In the same tomb, where thou in death doth sleep ; —
 Fast flow my tears, when darkness reigns around.
 Yes, midnight suits the best, — with grief profound,
 Sighs, that no ear can wound, are breathed that hour,
 For sorrow claims it, as her sheltering tower !
 There, the poor mourner can uncheck'd lament,
 And the deep anguish in the bosom pent
 May gush unheeded, and unchided be !
 Such sacred orgies, claims my misery !

If deepest waters most unruffled seem,
 While the rough tempest shakes the sparkling stream,
 So the staid mind, may yield an outward calm,
 No eye may scan the deep and hidden harm !
 Save that Almighty One whose search surveys
 The heart, its secret feelings and its ways
 That power alone doth see, alone doth know,
 How deep, how cherish'd, is my inward woe !

O thou ! who wert my bosom's pride and care !
 Tell me ! O tell me ! am I doom'd to bear,
 This weight of woe to distant term of years ?
 Or will life's flame be quench'd by my sad tears ?
 Soon may the grave unclothe again for me,
 And all my griefs be hush'd beside of thee !

I crave not wealth, I heed not scenes of pride,
 I care not what the rest of life betide :
 One only balm to sooth my grief is given —
 The dearest, best, the meeting thee in Heaven !
 This only hope, my sorrow can control,
 May it refine, and purify my soul !
 In God's good time, Oh ! may I ready be
 To quit all here, and joyful fly to thee —

Too sure I feel, thou still divid'st the love
That should be singly fixed on One above !

Pardon, Great Lord, this erring sin of mine,
Fix my affections now, on love divine !
Thou hast resumed thy precious gift to me, —
Thou canst bring good from deepest misery !
He was an idol ! Thou hast called him hence,
But chastisement with love, Thou dost dispense !
Oh ! while I weep, while bitter tears do flow,
Thou, only Thou, cans't sanctify the woe !
Give to my mind, that firm and holy trust,
When this worn frame shall crumble into dust,
To live again through Thy Almighty power,
That call'st to bloom afresh each herb and flower,
When sweet returning Spring shall chase the blast
Of Winter's storms, and Oh ! of sorrows past !
Then let me meet him, in the realms above
To celebrate with him, eternal love !

REFLECTION.

MY soul, my soul, I call on thee,
And seek to know thy strength and power,
If thou wilt firm and ready be
And fit to meet life's closing hour.

Is contemplation sweet to thee?
Art thou in sorrow's school refined,
From worldly vanity set free
And to religion's paths inclined.

Dost thou reflect? immortal ray
Of glory bright from higher sphere,
Time urges on the fated day,
And bids thee mark his swift career.

Essence divine, 'tis time to think, —
Endless duration is for thee,
And thou art verging to the brink
Of joy or pain, eternally.

But O my Soul ! there's mercy nigh,
Then be not friendless and alone ;
God views thee with a watchful eye
And will give succour from his throne.

Thy safeguard, He will deign to be,
And arm thee for the mortal fray ;
Clad in His holy panoply
Thou must be found, to meet that day.

The shield of faith, He'll give to thee
And helmet of salvation sure ;
Righteousness, shall thy breast-plate be,
The spirit's sword is bright and pure.

Then Oh ! put on this armour bright,
Thy guard and shelter it shall be, —
Fight ! with the Lord and in his might
Fight ! fearless of the victory.

LINES

WRITTEN MARCH 8TH, 1840.

UPON a towering height I stood,
Approaching to a temple fair,
I sought to gain it all I could,
The shrine of happiness was there.

I lean'd upon a graceful form,
But that dear form was fragile too ;
Around us rose the withering storm,
And dark'ning clouds appeared in view.

'T were vain to paint the anguish'd hour,
My bosom's grief, no words can tell,
A fatal blight had struck my flower !
That graceful form I loved so well !

But ye, who bear a mother's name,
Some portion of my grief may share,
If sickness bring an added claim
On love maternal, for its care ;

If bending o'er the couch of one,
 Too fondly loved, in tearful prayer,
 To say, ' Oh Lord ! thy will be done,"
 Yet see, the hand of death is there.

And if unconsciously, the while,
 The sufferer toys with his keen dart,
 Resolves to hope, essays to smile,
 How does it wound the parent's heart.

And to have mark'd the languid look,
 And hectic flush the morn would bring,
 Mark'd how the trembling nerves have shook ?
 Oh ! this a mother's heart must wring !

And to have sought apart, alone,
 In sighs and tears 'gainst hope to pray,
 Besought, at the Almighty's throne,
 The bitter cup might pass away.

A mother's anguish, who can tell,
 Who has not borne that anxious name,
 The sacred sadness of farewell,
 When life is but a flickering flame.

Oh ! this is sorrow known to few,
 To drain that cup of bitterness —
 The temple fair is lost to view,
 Where stands the shrine of happiness.

I saw him die, that only Son,
 My soul's loved treasure and its pride !
 Oh ! none could aid me, no not one,
 I wish'd for him, that I had died.

But one was near, whose long tried love
 Sustained and soothed that drooping head ;
 With him I knelt in prayer above,
 Ere yet that precious life had fled.

And the departing one express'd,
 How good and kind he'd ever been ;
 Yes, he was there, with grief oppress'd,
 Alone to aid in that sad scene.

O'er scenes so sad, to think and weep,
 Too deeply traced to pass away,
 That break the hour of midnight sleep,
 That cloud the sunshine of the day.

What marvel that I'm faint and weak,
 My features grown so thin and pale,
 The very flinty stones might speak,
 Rise up, to tell so sad a tale.

That I should know this deepest grief,
 It was thy will, Oh Lord, my God!
 And thou alone canst give relief
 Beneath the chastening of thy rod.

Mysterious Power! with awe we scan
 Thy counsels in this dread decree,
 Thou tryest the proud heart of man,
 When thou wouldst bend his will, to Thee.

Come, sacred light, from realms above,
 That shines to cheer the mourner's breast,
 That tell'st to all, the God of love,
 Prepares a holy place of rest.

'Tis there the pious and the good,
 In joyful bands, shall gladly press,
 With hymns of praise and gratitude,
 Before the shrine of happiness.

Shall I be there, and join my flower,
 Is known great God to Thee alone !
 We are but dust ! Exert Thy power !
 Oh ! shield and guard us, for thine own !

ON THE DEATH OF MY BELOVED MOTHER.

WRITTEN DECEMBER, 1840.

MOTHER ! the bitter tears I've shed
 O'er my loved Son ! my youthful dead !
 Have almost drain'd their sources deep ;
 But thou art gone, and I again,
 Awake to keenest grief and pain,
 Still my sad vigils keep.
 O ! thou didst seem the guiding star,
 That lighted home, from distance far
 Thy loved, that roam'd from thee ;
 Thy cheerful smile and converse sweet
 Made all desire round thee to meet,
 And share thy happy home !
 But now alas ! those scenes are fled,
 For thou art number'd with the dead,
 Our joys are in the tomb.

THE SAME.

YES, thou art number'd with the dead,
 'Midst fond regrets and hallow'd tears,
 For thou didst joy and gladness shed
 'Midst true respect for honour'd years.
 Though this life's trials pass'd thee not
 But shot their bolt of ruth for thee, —
 And one sad hour* constrain'd thy lot
 Years of restricted joy to see ;
 No longer free to walk at will
 The sunny path or woodland dell,
 Yet thou didst teach submission still,
 And hope, that all might yet be well.

'Twas then affection's tendrils twined
 More close, more firm, around thee,
 And in thy children's love enshrined
 Each morn's returning found thee ;
 Did any roam across the sea,
 Their dearest thought was home and thee :
 Those treasured thoughts are set in gloom,
 For thou, art in the silent tomb.

* A carriage accident that occasioned lameness.

TO MY SISTER.

Who was it, when all else at rest,
 Had sunk in calm and sweet repose,
 With faltering steps, and anxious breast,
 That would not let her eyelids close,

By the pale taper's glimmering light,
 In nameless duties gently shed,
 Is busied through the hours of night,
 To cheer a drooping parent's head ?

It was my Sister's watchful care
 Tending a Mother's couch of pain,
 Shedding a soothing influence there,
 Where rest was sought, but sought in vain.

In early youth's fair budding hours,
 How oft affrighted from thy sleep
 Hast thou been call'd, to rouse thy powers,
 And dreary vigils forced to keep.

Thy Father's state of health required,
 Frequent at night, thy studious care ;
 What ere could aid, that he desired,
 Thou didst with skill for him prepare.

To think, to plan, and then to act,
 If aught could check disease's power,
 The friend sincere, the nurse exact,
 Unwearied at the midnight hour.

Thus oft, my Sister, 'twas thy lot
 Thy needful slumbers to forego.
 And is thy duteous care forgot ?
 My heart's deep feelings answer, no !

Oh ! never shall those nights of care
 Be sever'd from my memory ;
 The blessings thou so well earned there,
 May they sustain and comfort thee.

When time has shed a healing balm
 Encircled by fraternal love,
 Mayst thou look up serene and calm,
 For holier blessings from above.

SOLITUDE.

WHILE I sit all alone, and there's nothing to wear
On my nerves, too severely and sadly distress'd ;
In silence, and peace, I can patiently bear
With the weight of my sorrows, and calm them to rest.

But Oh ! 'tis not so, when forms move around me
That feel not my heart is oppress'd with its woe,
Can I ask for solace from scenes that surround me,
Do I meet it from them ? alas ! truth answers " no."

But in solitude musing, hope's bright phantoms seem
Embodied, as oft in past days they would be ;
They will cheer for awhile, tho' they flit as a dream,
For 'tis then, (oh my loved one !) I commune with thee !

And although retrospection will cause deep annoy,
 With my proudest thoughts quell'd, and fondest hopes
 Thy loss, Oh ! beloved one, has blighted all joy, [crush'd,
 Yet the wounded heart still may be soothingly hush'd !

Why art thou, O Nature ! so apt to arise
 And put in thy claim, where all should be still,
 Kneel, kneel in the dust, and look up to the skies,
 Thy God will give courage to bend to His will !

Yet 'tis not alone that sad stroke, that subdues me,
 For thou didst give strength, in that hour, to sustain —
 But the current of life's bitter waters pursues me, —
 Oh ! look on thy heart-stricken suppliant again !

STANZAS.

WRITTEN 1841.

WHY is it that my dreams take part
 In the deep sorrows of my heart,
 To trace them, in the silent hours
 Of night — midst life's suspended powers.

Why do sad scenes, though past, again
 Demand the trial to sustain ?
 The trembling frame, thus sore oppress,
 Asks, vainly asks, for peace and rest,
 Hush, busy mind, awhile be still,
 Nor aggravate my every ill.

Is there no balm, the Prophet cried,
 In Gilead, to set aside ?
 Is no physician ready there
 To soothe the breast oppress'd by care ?

Is not bright hope ordained to be
 The antidote to misery ?
 Hope in thy God — His tender love
 Will shine upon thee, from above !
 Hush the deep anguish of thy soul,
 His skill can make the wounded whole !

I HAVE STRUCK THE HARP.

WRITTEN 1841.

I HAVE struck the harp in happier day
To wild romantic strain,
And gladly would my fingers stray,
O'er its deep chords, to fancy's lay.
This may not be again !
O never more I wake that string,
No more, gay fancy's notes shall fling,
To the soft evening air.

In broken chords, it may complain
In murmurs deep, and mournful strain,
That echo may bring back again,
My tones of sad despair.

TO THE HEARTSEASE.

IN infancy, sweet flower, to me
Thy colours glow'd so gay, and smart,
That with a child's simplicity,
I've press'd thee to my heart.

Now, when thy simple bloom I see,
I call to mind those sprightly hours,
When thou wert cherished most by me,
Of all my garden flowers.

And though deep grief has come between,
Our early tie to sever,
And I now wear a mournful mien,
Whilst thou art cheerful ever.

Though joy has bid a long farewell,
And hope lies in the grave,
And my torn heart has lost the spell,
That thy loved name once gave.

Yet let the friendship, sacred be,
 Thus formed in early youth,
 I've still the same regard for thee,
 For innocence, and truth.

LINES TO MRS. D—.

AFTER A CONVERSATION, IN WHICH SHE WITH MUCH FEELING,
 RECOUNTED THE ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HER TRULY BELOVED
 HUSBAND — AND WHILE HER TEARS FLOWED, URGED THE NE-
 CESSITY OF TRIALS, TO BRING US TO GOD — AND THE DUTY OF
 SUBMISSION.

WRITTEN 1841.

BECAUSE I felt I could not speak my grief,
 'Twas silently I heard you tell your own —
 But yet, there is a kind of calm relief
 In sympathy, where sorrow has been known
 To pour the bosom's tide, that floods the heart alone.

I had a Son ! whose worshipp'd image still
 Holds the first place, in memory's treasured page ;
 You bid me bow, to that Almighty will
 That call'd him, in the bloom of manhood's age !
 Oh ! I have wander'd from a home, I love, —
 Have sought new scenes — three years have run their
 But change of place, or scene, can these remove [round,
 The deep worn traces of a grief profound ?
 I ask of one, who did submission preach —
 Say, lovely mourner, — did thine eyes so teach ?

Thou call'st on me to meditate, and bow
 To the unerring will of God above,
 For what seem'st dark, and saddest to us now,
 May prove a token of his guardian love ;
 The bruised heart feels not this wond'rous truth,
 When brightest hopes, and fondest ties are crush'd ;
 A Mother bending o'er the bier of youth,
 Needs all the firmness, of the martyr's trust !

But I will pray for that submissive will,
 And supplicate His grace to guide my way,
 Will lean upon His gracious love, until
 It opes the mansions of eternal day !

SHADOWS OF EVE.

WRITTEN 1841.

SHADOWS of eve, that now are softly stealing
O'er the deep glen, and 'cross the stately grove,
Welcome thy charms, a calmer hour revealing
To the torn heart, — to memory and love !
Day's brilliant blaze suits ill, where hope is blighted ;
Thy twilight dawn, is dearer far to me :
Grief woos me now, in saddest bonds united,
To the lone shade, where silence loves to be.

Gay, gaudy hours, your pleasures, I resign,
All now is changed ! — I sigh a sad farewell !
Ye, who have lost a treasure, like to mine,
Can judge my woe — yes, only ye can tell !

HOPE.

I THINK of time, when pleasures past
 Seem'd like gay sunbeams, darting
 A radiance bright, — too bright to last,
 For sighs told their departing !
 And wherefore sigh,
 When pleasures fly ?
 (They tarry not, beneath the sky !)

Doubtless, there's many a heart must know,
 When hearts are twined together —
 The more, than mighty pangs of woe,
 When such fond ties must sever !
 But hope may cheer,
 And dry the tear ?
 Without its smile — could we live here ?

ON RECEIVING A LITTLE SOUVENIR,

COMPOSED OF A PIECE OF THE MULBERRY TREE PLANTED BY
SHAKSPEARE, FROM A FRIEND, WHILE STAYING ON A VISIT AT
HIS HOUSE.

So thou art part of that far famed tree,
That our dear SHAKSPEARE's hand did plant and tend,
And thou art also a fair gift to me,
From one whom I esteem, a kind true friend.

And I will guard thee, as a thing to be
So treasured and so valued, that a few,
A chosen few, and those beloved by me
Shall be permitted my rare prize to view.

Oh! that the genius bright! from whence thou'rt sprung
Did aid my powers, my gratitude to show;
Would that my harp, by inspiration strung,
Could paint the truth, with which my feelings glow.

When they are warm'd to speak of friendship's tie,
 Of those dear scenes of harmony and love,
 That will not quickly from my memory fly,
 Sweet harbingers of brighter scenes above.

Where love paternal taught the holy way
 Of piety to God — and virtue fair ;
 When each returning morn beheld him pray,
 While hearts, that honour'd him, were prostrate there.

What holier hour — what loftier tones can rise,
 To wean from earthly joys to hope's above,
 As when a father's voice ascends the skies
 In sacred orisons of praise and love.

Surrounded by the ties, that chain to earth,
 Yet still the etherial soul will higher soar,
 Will seek the honours of its heavenly birth,
 As exiled wanderers seek their native shore.

When all the trials of this life are o'er,
 And all, whose hopes are fixed above the sky,
 Shall rise, where the big tear-drops fall no more,
 To the bright realms of immortality !

May the blest parents, with their offspring fair,
 Tread those high courts of glory to the throne
 Of Him, who makes the righteous man, his care,
 And all that follow Him, will freely own.

Oh ! be it then my own fair blissful lot,
 Those scenes to view, that happiness to prove,
 Where friendship's ties, free from all stain or spot,
 Shall vie with angel-minds in heavenly love.

THE SEARCH !

I SOUGHT thee, love ! e'er the sun had set,
 When his golden beams of light
 Were tinging the tops of the forest trees,
 As they slowly waved to the evening breeze —
 'Twas a fair and beauteous sight !
 But thou, my love, wert not with me,
 And no scene could charm, when bereft of thee !

I sought thee, love ! in the shady grove,

While the abbey chimes were ringing,

And in thy fragrant scented bower,

At twilight's calm and pensive hour,

Where nightingales were singing !

I sought for the sweetest charm to me,

But the loved of my heart I could not see !

I sought thee, love ! where the ocean's wave

Dash'd high on the rocky shore —

Where the billows rose, as in sportive play,

Then swept o'er the cliffs, with a fearful sway,

And a deep and sullen roar !

I staid not the ocean's power to see,

For thou, my love, wert not with me !

I sought thee on the mountain's brow,

Where the prospect was wild and grand ;

Where the forest pines cast their shadows deep,

On the winding paths of the craggy steep,

And the distant far woodland !

Yet was this scene all dull to me,

I sought, but my love I could not see !

I sought thee, love ! in our ancient hall,
 Where the banners were streaming on high ;
 On the platform was raised thy chair of state,
 In waiting till thou should'st grace the fête
 With thy beauty and dignity !
 That festive board had no charms for me,
 The bright gem I sought I could not see !

Then I sought thee in a lowly cot
 In a far off glen, where on bended knee
 I found thee reading the sacred book !
 With an angel's voice and a seraph's look,
 While an aged one listed to thee !
 His hands were clasp'd and his eyes raised above,
 Twas thus, with joy, I found my love !

I stole on thee gently, with silent awe,
 And told not my feelings, in that calm hour ;
 But treasured them deep in my heart ;— for there
 Thy reverend sire sought in holy prayer,
 The blessing of the Almighty power !
 And His grace to descend and rest with thee,
 While thy head was bow'd at his feeble knee !

Oh ! surely that blessing was holy and pure,
 And surely it reach'd to the throne above ;
 And I joined with truth, in his sacred strain —
 It cannot be breath'd from the heart in vain,
 And thou wilt be blessed ! Oh ! my love !
 With joy shall thy life glide on, and be
 Happy in time and eternity !

LINES

WITH A PRESENT OF A CHINA INKSTAND, EMBOSSED WITH FLOWERS
 AND FRUIT.

WRITTEN, JUNE 18TH 1843.

THE smallest gift, tender'd in love to thee,
 With purest wishes on thy natal day,
 Thou wilt accept, because they come from me,
 Nor from the trifling offering turn away.

Oh ! then receive my fruit and sprightly flowers,
 Time will not change their tints or blight their bloom,
 Emblems of happy days and joyful hours,
 Such as I wish thee, for the years to come.

And when thy cultured muse inclines thy hand
 To trace her inspiration with a pen,
 Lift thou the cover of thy pet inkstand,
 I shall feel happy —if 'tis useful then.

A NARRATIVE,

RELATED IN THE EVENING, PUT INTO VERSE BY THE FOLLOWING
 MORNING, (BY REQUEST.)

YOUNG LUCIA proved the tender care
 Of her fond father, good and fair
 The gentle gaze of love she drew
 From eyes, that spoke its language true.

ALONZO was the noble youth,
 Who woo'd and won her maiden smile,
 His were the vows of manly truth,
 And her's the promise void of guile.

But yet the tear bedew'd her cheek,
 Alone, within her summer bower,
 For she had heard Lord WILLIAM speak
 His fervent love, that fatal hour.

Ah ! hapless maiden, has thy charms
 Produced so sad a rivalry ?
 Two brothers woo thee to their arms,
 One must thou doom to misery.

Bethink thee of Lord WILLIAM's state,
 Of his wealth and power and land !
 Bethink thee of ALONZO's fate,
 Should his brother's love win thy hand !

Lord WILLIAM can lead thee through bower and hall,
 With a coronet wreathe thy brow,
 Can he chase the tear, that beneath will appear,
 When thou think'st on thy broken vow ?

ALONZO, fair maid, ere he claims thine hand,
 Must visit a distant shore,
 Court fortune's smiles in a foreign land,
 He may never return to thee more.

How oft, when thou hearest the stormy gale,
 Will the hope in thy bosom die ;
 How oft will thy cheek be blanched and pale,
 And the tear-drop gem thine eye.

How oft, when companions around are gay
 In mirth and revelry,
 Will thou think of thy loved one far away,
 And what his fate may be.

Will thou choose this care, oh ! maiden fair !
 When a noble sues to thee,
 Can I break the oath of my plighted troth
 And live in misery.

“ I balance not,” the maiden cried,
 “ Lord WILLIAM is good and great,
 But I will be his brother’s bride,
 And share his low estate.”

Thou hast chosen well, true love is the care
 Of the angels in courts above,
 And the faithful in heart need never despair,
 If they look up where all is love.

Lord WILLIAM, he scorn’d his lordly power,
 He hated his gold and land,
 Since they won not for him his chosen flower,
 For she had rejected his hand !

He was sad at heart, and he sat apart,
 With grief so sore opprest ;
 But one drew near, who had mark'd a tear,
 And clasp'd him to his breast.

“ Thou shalt wed her yet, my brother,” he cried,
 “ Fair LUCIA owns thy worth.”
 “ ALONZO, no ! no youthful bride,
 Shall solace my days on earth.

“ Her virgin heart is all thine own
 And happy may ye be,
 But I will wander forth alone,
 To realms beyond the sea.

My gold and lands, I now divide,
 Thou art my father's son,
 And I will portion well the bride,
 Thy gentle worth has won.”

Oh ! like as the dew of Hermon fair
 Is kind and brotherly love,
 As oil to heal the wounds of care,
 As a blessing from above.

Lord WILLIAM dwelt in a foreign land
Three years unto the day,
And LUCIA gave to ALONZO her hand,
When he was far away.

But now he sigh'd for his home again,
And he long'd once more to see,
The scenes of his youth in his fair domain
And the halls of his ancestry.

He thought of his lakes and forest fair,
Of his woods and summer bowers,
But most he thought of the dear ones there,
So blest in those ancient towers.

Oh! blithe were those hearts that happy day,
When Lord WILLIAM reach'd the shore,
And sweet were the words they heard him say
He never would leave them more.

“ Most welcome, dear brother, thou'lt ever be,”
Exclaimed the happy pair,
“ Have we a thought to hide from thee,
Or a blessing we would not share.”

And sweet was the mirth of their revelry,
And bright fair LUCIA's eyes with joy,
As she placed on his lordly uncle's knee
Her rosy laughing boy.

And long they lived in the silken bands
Of friendship, love and health,
Dispensing around, with liberal hands,
The blessings of their wealth.

Yes, like as the dew of Hermon bright,
Is kind and brotherly love,
I have proved its worth in affliction's night
As an unction from above.

LIFE AND HOPE,

COMPOSED IN THIS PARTICULAR METRE AT THE REQUEST OF A
FRIEND.

LIFE's a deep mystery,
 Past my defining,
 Hope seems to love to be,
 Ever intertwining,
 Dazzling with radiance bright,
 Then with soft tempered light,
 Flitting before the sight,
 More distant shining.

Spreading her tinsels gay,
 Fond man believeth,
 Swiftly they fade away,
 His spirit grieveth,
 Ever when life is young,
 Luring with flattering tongue
 Till the tried heart — when wrung,
 Feels she deceiveth.

But could this life unfold
 The joys we desire,
 Say, should a prison hold
 Free spirits of fire ;
 Hopes that are fixed on earth,
 Wane from their very birth,
 Proving their puny worth,
 Oh ! raise thine higher.

THE MORNING RAY.

I LOVE the trembling ray of light
 That first peers through the window pane,
 When unrefreshed by sleep at night,
 It ushers in the morn again.

Shedding an influence sweetly calm,
 Bringing the wearied spirits rest,
 Like to that softly soothing balm
 Compassion pours into the breast.

Bidding the dreary darkness end,
 Telling the sun again will cheer,
 'Tis like the visit of a friend,
 A friend beloved and justly dear.

And like the ray that fancy's beam
 Pours on the meditative mind,
 Or pleasing trace of fleeting dream,
 In happier regions unconfined.

It sheds a lovely mystic spell
 O'er all the forms it brings to view,
 Ah! who that silvery haze can tell,
 That has not watched its advent too.

None else can paint the light that breaks
 So soft, so gentle and refined,
 As when a chord of music wakes,
 And mingles with the sighing wind.

As chaste Castalia's fount doth play
 Her sacred streams all lucid clear,
 So doth the lovely morning ray,
 Floating in vestal charms, appear.

I hailed its pure and timid beam,
 This morn, ere sleep had closed mine eyes ;
 And then I sought awhile to dream
 Of its sweet power and properties.

Thus musing on for similies,
 My spirit owned a fainter glow,
 And brooding over imag'ries
 I scarcely seemed myself to know.

Strange — that when cheered again by light,
 My drooping eyelids heavier fell,
 Sleep shed her poppies of the night, —
 That ray of light had proved its spell.

TO THE SPIRIT OF MY DEAR DEPARTED SON.

WRITTEN JULY, 1844.

YEARS have pass'd and days have fled,
 With flickering light and pensive shade ;
 Since thy loved, thy drooping head
 Languid on my breast was laid !

Since thine eyes with feeling deep
 Spoke, what words could not impart —
 “ Dearest Mother, do not weep,
 Do not rend thy trembling heart !

Well I know that I must leave thee,
 Let us then submissive bow ;
 God is love, — then do not grieve thee, —
 Let us seek his blessing now.”

“ God Almighty, bless my son,”
 Was my soul's deep anguish'd prayer, —
 “ Let thy sacred will be done,
 Take, O take him to Thy care.”

Meek and humble as a child,
 Thou didst say in accents faint,
 But with voice soft, clear and mild,
 “ That is all that now I want.”

That was all, — thou treasured one,
 All thy sinking frame required —
 And the God we call'd upon,
 Gave us what our souls desired !

Yes, He heard our midnight prayer,
And His dew upon thy head —
Shed a sacred halo there,
Ere the spark of life had fled !

Yes, that blessing pure was given,
All was calm and peace around thee —
When the beaming love of Heaven
Loosed the ties of earth, that bound thee !

Years have passed, *but not that hour*,
Ever cherished in my mind, —
Teaching with a soothing power,
This sad heart to be resigned.

TO MY BROTHER HENRY.

I NEVER knew thee to rejoice
 To spread the busy idler's tale ;
I never knew thee lend thy voice
 When calumny's keen blights prevail ;

Unless it were to check the blight,
 To shield and guard the injured fame,
To hold up virtues to the light,
 And reinstate a sullied name.

Thy gentle praises oft will blend
 When free remarks may wound thine ear,
When judging of an absent friend,
 'Tis thine to make the best appear.

When I am dead, I'd be forgot,
 Or if recalled to memory,
And spoke of, — may it be my lot
 To have a "chronicler like thee!"

THE PRIVILEGE OF PRAYER.

WRITTEN AUGUST 21ST 1844.

To seek a near approach to God, — to know
 And feel, — that he is present every where,
 What balm so sweet, to sooth my bosom's care,
 Or make me happy, whereso'er I go ;
 Would I exchange, for all the wealth below,
 The inward peace, that flows from fervent prayer ?
 Would I resign it, for the toil-bought share
 Of worldly wisdom, — pearls or rubies ? No !

Nightly, the studious sage, o'er books may pore
 For fame, to barter health and liberty,
 But his reward, when skill'd in classic lore,
 Is all too weak to bind me — I crave more,
 Oh ! privilege sublime ! — on bended knee
 I may entreat my God — TO DWELL WITH ME !

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